

25 CENTS

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Features of
This Number

CUBA VS. THE UNITED STATES

(SYMPOSIUM)

EXPERIMENTS IN COLONIAL GOVERNMENT

By

FELIX L. OSWALD, M.D.

THE PROBLEM OF IMMIGRATION

(SYMPOSIUM)

MARCH, 1902

EXPERIMENTS IN COLONIAL GOVERNMENT . FELIX L. OSWALD, M.D.

CUBA VS. THE UNITED STATES:

I. The Question of Reciprocity F. B. THURBER

President of the U.S. Export Association.

II. A Plan for Justice L. V. DE ARAB

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST IN THE COMING AGE

REV. F. D. BENTLEY

THE PROBLEM OF IMMIGRATION:

I. The Argument for Suspension JOHN CHETWOOD

II. Chinese Exclusion REV. ROBERT C. BRYANT

LABOR'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS WILLIAM S. WAUDNEY

Of the U.S. Department of Labor

THE OSTRICH IN THE NEW WORLD B. O. FLOWER

LITERATURE AND DEMOCRACY JOSEPH DANA MILLER

AMERICAN SUPREMACY A. B. DEANORF

MARRIAGE AND DRESS HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS

A CONVERSATION:

Why the Public Should Own and Control the Telephones

PROF. FRANK PARSONS, B.C.E., PH.D.

Of Boston University

AN UNREAL REALITY: A Tale of the Desert LAURA M. DAKES

TOPICS OF THE TIMES—(Editorial) B. O. FLOWER

The Struggle between Life and Death in the Economic World:

The Warfare of Three World-wide Social Theories—Millions

of Dollars Picked Up in the Streets of Boston.

BOOKS OF THE DAY *Studies and Reviews*

The Permanent and the Permanent in Religion—The World Beautiful in Books—

The Ideal: Its Realization—The Beauty of Berlin—Leaves from a Life-book of

To-day—The Shrine of Silence—The Orthodox Preacher and Nancy—Fool and

Fancy in Spiritualism, Theosophy, and Psychical Research.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS J. F. M.

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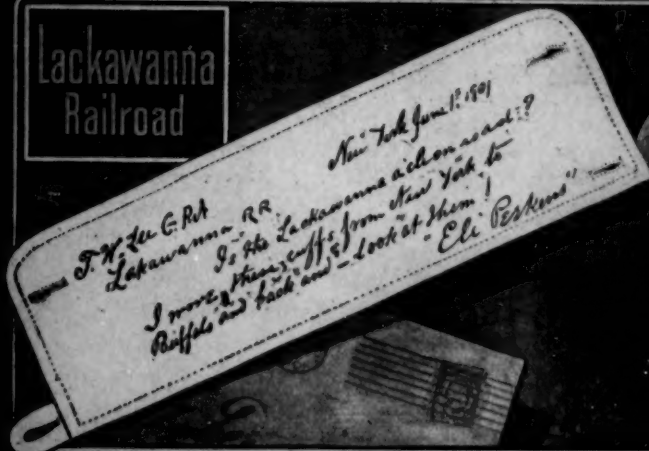
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*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."*

—HEINE.

THE ARENA

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EXPERIMENTS IN COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.

THE South African war of races has already cost the invaders about twenty thousand human lives, and a sum said to exceed the total expenses of Wellington's seven campaigns against the world-power of the Corsican Caesar. But that penalty of military mistakes has been more than compensated by the vindication of the colonial policy which the British Government has consistently pursued since its repudiation of the Warren Hastings plan.

Better opportunities for revolt were perhaps never offered the dependencies of a civilized State. Great Britain had entered the arena of a desperate contest without a second, and amidst the jeers of international spectators. Every victory of her opponents awakened the hallelujahs of a partizan press from Lisbon to St. Petersburg. Russia was massing troops in the foothills of the Hindoo Kush, and France on the shores of the Channel. The military resources of the British Empire had been almost exhausted before the turn in the tide of battle-luck. An insurrection in any one of its world-wide colonies would have been a signal for a universal rush to arms. Yet, with the occasional exception of a few Cape-land districts, not a single one of its fifteen larger and twenty-three smaller dependencies availed itself of that rare chance. They offered assistance—in troops some, others in money, provisions, or friendly advice; a

few stood aloof, with the indifference of apathetic Orientals, or took it for granted that the belligerent Africans must have wrongs to avenge and wished them success in their attempt to achieve complete independence—but evinced no inclination to imitate their example.

The implied *plebiscite* of the thirty-eight English colonies amounted to a vote of confidence. And the unanimity of that verdict cannot be mistaken for a result of accident. It was the logical outcome of a time-confirmed faith in the benefits of a system that, despite its manifold administrative pedantries, may be defined as a combination of tolerance, free trade, and scrupulous fidelity to the obligations of treaties. Some fifteen different Mohammedan sects enjoy more liberty in British India than in Turkey. Canadian and South African dissenters have been allowed every desired privilege except that of persecuting their rivals. Autonomy, modified only by a few restrictions of fanatical tendencies, has been granted every nation or tribe showing a capacity for self-government. The temptations of contraband traffic have been limited by the simple plan of offering colonial exporters a more liberal market than they could hope to find elsewhere. Eastern nations, who for ages had been plundered and oppressed by their native princes, experienced for the first time the blessings of security and mutual-benefit institutions.

Hindu devotees undoubtedly would prefer a theocracy of their own faith. They dream of avatars and millenniums of Mahadeva. But, in the meantime, their confidence in their British governor is that of long-hounded deer in the owner of a dog-proof game preserve.

"The greatest advantage that a government can possess," says a historian of British India, "is to be the one trustworthy government in the midst of governments which nobody can trust; no oath which superstition can devise—no hostage, however precious—inspires a hundredth part of the confidence produced by the simple promise of a British envoy. . . . A hostile monarch may offer mountains of gold to our Sepoys, on condition that they will desert our standard. We promise only a moderate pension after a long term of faithful service.

But every Sepoy knows that our promise will be kept, and he also knows that there is not a State in India that would not, in spite of the most solemn vows, leave him to die of hunger in a ditch as soon as he had ceased to be useful."

A temporary deviation from that policy, under the rule of a beef-headed bigot, cost England the key to the paradise of the North American continent; and British parties, of all political denominations, seem agreed to avoid a repetition of the mistake.

The next most successful of all contemporary methods of colonial government is the Holland-Oriental system. Since 1816 the Netherlands have maintained their hold upon the Island of Java and several coast settlements of Sumatra and Borneo, with an aggregate area of 90,000 square miles, or just about that of the entire West Indian archipelago.

There have been wars of expansion, but for the last fifty years the peace of the headquarter island has not been broken by a serious revolt. Java, in the course of that half century, has been made almost as habitable as Long Island. Marshes have been drained and rivers bridged; the waters of mountain torrents have been collected in spacious reservoirs. There are railways and canals; a network of excellent pike-roads is kept in repair by gangs of coolies organized on the plan of the American railroad sections. Some twenty harbors have been dredged and secured by break-waters. The population, since 1816, has increased 80 per cent.—that of native tribes even faster than in the British Straits settlements.

The subvention of native schools has been a heavy and steadily growing expense; yet the net government profits of the enterprise exceed an average of twelve million dollars a year.

That miracle of political economy has been kept in working order by an extortionate tariff, combined, however, with an absolute and altogether unparalleled toleration of native creeds, pastimes, and prejudices, and amicable relations (maintained by subvention and administrative assistance) with the native princes. Four-fifths of the shipping trade pass through the three ports of Batavia, Surabaya, and Samarang, and the government officials collect enormous dues both ways. In return,

the native principalities are guaranteed the advantages, not only of home government, but of gratuitous assistance in their progressive enterprises. If they wish to build a new road, they can command the free services of a government surveyor. If they desire to establish a good school, government commissioners help them plan a curriculum and furnish them free text-books.

There is a *stadhouder* ("resident") at the court of every native prince, ready to help all he can but never obtruding his advice. He contents himself with giving his Rajah the benefit of a free intelligence bureau. His thesaurus of information includes useful hints on public hygiene, on scientific agriculture, on mining and manufacturing, on financial ways and means. He never meddles with private affairs. If he should bully the natives to renounce arena combats and wear double shirts in warm weather, the governor-general would be apt to recall him and clap him in the lunatic asylum of Tagalberg.

As next in efficiency we might mention the beautifully simple, but not forever joyful, system of Spanish-Russian helotism. It was first practised by the ancient Spartans and consists in taxing, fining, humbling, and taskmastering the aborigines of a conquered province, and knocking them down whenever they rise in revolt.

Where the land is productive, as in Cuba, that plan may prove enormously profitable—for a time. "Don't you think some scheme of calculation might beat the gambling banks and realize a large fortune before they would all take the alarm?" a visionary once asked the mathematician Laplace. "It's undoubtedly conceivable," replied the distinguished savant, "and I believe you might bag a million or two before the surviving gamblers had all sought safety in flight. There is only one trouble about your project: its successful operation would require omniscience."

And there is only one drawback to the advantage of the classical helotage system. Its successful practise requires military omnipotence. A government with an invincible army, like that of ancient Rome, may enforce it and collect its annual divi-

dends for a series of centuries. The Roman satraps, in some of the Eastern provinces, actually taxed their helots to the verge of the starvation point, leaving them just bread and salt enough to toil another day. In America several leaders of the Spanish conquest went even further. Experiments convinced them that it was cheaper to work a batch of peons to death, and then sally with a posse of bloodhounds to capture another relay. In that manner they not only decimated but destroyed the entire native population of the largest four West Indian islands in less than a hundred years. The natives were as completely at the mercy of their taskmasters as a herd of saddled pack-mules. They could neither escape nor resist.

But when Cortez crossed the Gulf to carry the blessings of civilization further west, his followers already experienced difficulties in their attempts to dispense with mutual-benefit concessions. The subjects of Montezuma, finding Spanish servitude a concentration of unqualified evils, took refuge in fever swamps and pathless mountain solitudes. If earth refused them a survival chance, they preferred a grave in a sierra glen to the ditch of a slave stockade.

Under a similar impulse of defiance, a refugee from one of the military convict camps of Russian Turkestan made his way to the highlands of the Elbrus Range, and, with two bullets in his ribs, crouched down to die on a promontory overlooking the shores of the Caspian. "No, not a beggar," he stammered, when a youngster from a neighboring herder's camp gave the alarm; "only one of your fellow mountaineers, coming here to send back his soul to Allah free."

For two centuries and a half Spain was as powerful in South America as Rome ever was in southern Europe; but the moment political complications compelled her to relax her grip, her transatlantic provinces rose *en masse* and assailed the representatives of their oppressors with a fury that did not stop at declarations of independence, but pursued their fugitive jailers as enemies of the human race. Of a colonial empire as large as Europe and western Asia taken together, the discoverers of a new world now retain only six small islands and a fortified

fishermen's village in a chain of sand-hills on the north coast of Africa.

Russia, with her fifteen hundred regiments of iron-fisted conscripts, has thus far always contrived to suppress the insurrections of her colonial helots, but neither her swarms of Cossack cavalry nor her elaborate methods of espionage have enabled her to prevent their escape. After her system of civilization had once come to be generally understood, the advance of her armies was dreaded as the approach of a plague, and whole nations avoided bondage by relinquishing their birthland, like the sixteen tribes of East Circassians, who braved the winter storms of the Euxine to seek refuge in the Turkish province of Adrianople. But it is a noteworthy fact that, when the champion of those highlanders surrendered on the plateau of Ghunib, after having defended the fastnesses of the Caucasus for twenty-eight years, his captors treated him with all the respect that military chivalry could concede to a hero of primitive habits. In Spain he would probably have been given the choice between a monk's cowl and a halter, but the Czar dismissed him with a present of sporting rifles and a liberal contribution to his traveling expenses, when he asked permission to end his days in the Land of the Prophet. His conqueror, Prince Baryatinski, added an invitation to his Crimean highland castle, in case the climate of Mecca should fail to agree with his health.

Altogether, it must be admitted that the despotism of the Russian satraps is tempered by a soldierly appreciation of valor—a touch of Nature, which, however, modifies their treatment of individuals rather than of races and tribes.

In conclusion, we must add a few words on the tendencies of a plan that can hardly be called a system, *viz.*, the method of the opportunists who change their colonial policy with the course of events and the varying aspects of party interests. Their connivance affords a welcome latitude to the program of enterprising campaigners; but it has the fatal disadvantage of opening a door to the chicanes of avarice and selfish ambition, and the often still more irremediable blunders of bigotry.

That plan characterizes the colonial policy of non-migratory races, of nations who have no homeseeker's motive for projects of expansion, but covet colonial possessions for the sake of their supposed commercial or strategic advantages.

It has been practised by Portuguese spoliators in the coast-lands of the Indian Ocean, by Italian adventurers in Abyssinia, by Belgian syndicates on the Congo; but the most characteristic illustration of its methods is perhaps that afforded by the stratagems of the French conquest of Algeria. The aggression began in 1830, by fastening a quarrel upon the Dey; and during the next eighteen years the work of reconstruction was intrusted to almost as many different military governors, each with an administrative plan of his own, and most of them resolved to advertise their personal importance by revoking the edicts of their predecessor.

The yoke of France, on the whole, was not heavier than that of the Dey, but, as a historian of Napoleon's exile remarks in his comments upon the pranks of Sir Hudson Lowe: "A captive can get accustomed to a considerable weight of iron fetters, after learning the best manner of carrying them, but is goaded to revolt by the caprices of a jailer who insists upon adjusting them every morning in a different manner." The distracted aborigines at last flew to arms, and the tactics of Abd-el-Kader cost the invaders a sum which the tax-farmers of the colony cannot hope to repay for the next hundred years.

Absurd insults to the creed and the customs of the Mohammedan natives completed the defeat of the government program of assimilation. After the prohibition of the prize-fights and religious festivals, thousands of hill-dwellers who had formerly been attracted to the cities transferred their patronage to the border-towns of Morocco. The markets remained unsupplied, and for a while the government extortion tax was actually levied upon imports from France.

As a financial enterprise, the conquest of the old granary of the Mediterranean had grievously disappointed the expectations of its managers; but the verdict of intelligent foreign residents makes it certain that the causes of that failure had

more to do with gratuitous aggressions upon the liberties of the natives than even with the excise outrages.

The despotism of stupid intolerance is, in fact, more irritating than that of rapacity. It seems to lack the palliation of a practical motive, and is more apt to be ascribed to malevolence, unqualified. Unprofitable tyranny marks the limit of human patience, and there is no doubt that the edict of the bigot who suppressed the holiday pastimes of the sport-loving Cubans was a more mischievous blunder than the Puerto Rico tariff trick.

An American resident of Johannesburg often noticed the bitter resentment of native refugees from Delagoa Bay, and was surprised to learn that the Portuguese Government pays the Kaffir chiefs of its colony an annual subvention, while the aborigines of the British possessions have to content themselves with a few nominal franchises. The southern tribes, however, enjoy the blessing of independence, while their subvented northern kinsmen are subjected to endless chicanes, restrictions, fines, reprimands, injunctions, and inquisitorial tribulations.

"Men can make shift to live under a tyrant," says the biographer of Frederick the Great, "but to be ruled by a busybody is more than human nature can bear."

Nor should the opportunists fail to remember the results of the negotiation with the Circassian chiefs who had taken refuge in the dominions of Abdul Hamid, the Grand Protector of their faith. They had settled in the province of Adrianople, assisted as far as the precarious resources of the Sultan would permit; but a series of drought years had reduced them to the verge of starvation, and in 1896 it became known that they contemplated a second migration. French land agents invited them to Algeria, offering to put them under the special protection of a government committee. Emissaries of the Czar, about the same time, urged them to return to the land of their fathers, the forest-shaded Caucasus—promising them all the privileges of the settlers who had been attracted by the advertisements of liberal land grants.

The tribes consulted. Votes were about evenly divided, and before signing any contract they decided to send out agents of their own to investigate. The Algerian delegates ascertained that there was still a good deal of fine pasture-land in the foot-hills of the Atlas; but their fellow-Moslems warned them that their French guardians would corral them on a reservation and harass them night and day. The Caucasian committee reported that all the best farms in the land of their ancestors had been preëmpted, and that only the uplands still abounded with game and pastoral resources. They also stated that tax-collectors would call in October for their tithe of grain and in May for their dividend of lambs, calves, and foals; *but* that for the rest of the year they would be left gloriously alone. Barbarous but clearly specified extortion and equally inevitable neglect in one scale of the balance; paternalism and subjection to incalculable official caprices in the other.

The home-seekers decided to return to the Caucasus.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

Springfield, Mass.

CUBA VS. THE UNITED STATES.

I. THE QUESTION OF RECIPROCITY.

I AM interested in this subject, primarily, as a question of the good faith of the United States toward Cuba; second, to voice the interests of American producers and manufacturers, who, under proper conditions, would find a very valuable market in Cuba; and third, the interest of American consumers of sugar.

For many years I was one of the largest distributors of sugar in the United States, and am familiar with that industry. For the last five years I have been president of the United States Export Association, whose object is to widen the market for American products, and whose membership comprises leading houses in ninety-eight principal lines of industry, situated in thirty-four States.

During the last year I have had occasion to make a special study of the tariff relations between Cuba and the United States—with the result of arriving at the belief that the greatest good to the greatest number of the people of both countries will be subserved by placing Cuba, so far as our tariff relations are concerned, as nearly as possible on the same free basis as Puerto Rico and Hawaii; and the same may be said of the Philippine Islands.

Strange as it may seem, the Dingley tariff imposes on the chief Cuban products—sugar and tobacco—a duty amounting to about 100 per cent., while on the dutiable products of all other countries imported into the United States it averages about 50 per cent. This is anomalous in itself, and is rendered still more so by our changed relations with Cuba, which virtually make her the ward of the nation. She has accepted the Platt amendment, which imposes upon her duties and obligations that prevent her from making advantageous treaties with

other countries, and, as stated by President Roosevelt, "every consideration of duty and interest demands that Cuba should have liberal treatment at our hands."

This is opposed by our domestic beet and cane sugar interests, which (with what tobacco support they could drag in) have been making enormous profits under the excessive protection afforded them by our present tariff. The beet-sugar interests are on record, over their own signature in a letter to their bankers, that they could prosper under absolute free trade; and it is estimated by good authorities that in factories favorably situated they have been making a profit of about two cents a pound, or 40 per cent., with a lesser margin in less favored localities, which they now bring forward as an argument why concessions should not be made in the tariff on Cuban products—which is somewhat like arguing that the tariff should be high enough to make the growing of bananas under glass profitable.

I am a Republican and a protectionist; but there is reason in all things: and I believe that there should be a power above unreasoning protectionists to say what is reasonable. The permanency of a protective tariff will largely depend on this; and I contend that it is short-sighted on the part of our protected industries not to recognize changed conditions, and that unless they are recognized there will come a ground-swell of public opinion that will go to extremes on the other side and be disastrous to all our industries. This was the view of William McKinley, who could not be considered an enemy to American industries. It is especially short-sighted on the part of our domestic sugar growers not to be willing to make liberal concessions at the present time in the tariff on Cuban products. There is an influential element in Cuba to-day in favor of annexation to the United States, and if this is strengthened by disastrous industrial conditions in Cuba that day will be hastened; and, with absolute free trade between Cuba and the United States, our beet-sugar industries would be in the position of that man whose "last state was worse than the first," although it would unquestionably be a blessing to the consumers of sugar in the United States, and our fruit-growing,

canning, and preserving industries, which would greatly develop and prosper with cheap sugar.

The representatives of the beet-sugar industries have industriously spread the report that the demand for reciprocity with Cuba was inspired by "the Sugar Trust;" that it had large investments in Cuban plantations, and hoped, with free raw sugar, to break down our domestic sugar interests. I have made diligent inquiry as to the verity of this, and cannot find that there is any truth in it, except, possibly, that some individual stockholders in American sugar-refining interests also own small amounts of stock in Cuban sugar plantations; but these same individuals are much more largely interested in Puerto Rico and Hawaii, whose sugar comes in free of duty.

I am in no way interested in the Sugar Trust, and am not disposed to believe that the human nature embodied in it is any better or worse than that embodied in our domestic beet and cane sugar industries. But it has certainly been less greedy in its margin of profit than our domestic sugar interests; for, while they have been making from one and a half to two cents a pound profit on sugar, refining interests have varied from nothing to three-quarters of a cent a pound profit, averaging perhaps one-quarter to three-eighths since the formation of the sugar refining "trust"—an industry, by the way, in which there is about as lively a competition between the American, the Arbuckles, and the National companies as has ever been seen. In the early days of the sugar-refining industry the difference between raw and refined varied between two and three cents per pound; now the average difference is perhaps one cent a pound, with an actual cost in the process of perhaps five-eighths of a cent a pound, leaving a margin for profit of about three-eighths. This is doubtless the reason why under all tariffs, notably the McKinley, the Wilson, and the Dingley tariff, our sugar-refining interests have been protected by a differential duty on refined of perhaps one-half a cent a pound; and this, it should be remembered, inures as much to the protection of the beet-sugar interests as it does to our refining interests—for the beet-sugar manufacturers make refined sugar.

Now, as to what concessions should be made to Cuba. I believe it would be to the interest of the Cubans and the American flour and provision interests and American fruit canning and preserving interests, and the interest of all American consumers of sugar, if what the Cubans ask could be granted, *viz.*, free raw sugar and one-half the present duties on tobacco and cigars. But, if we cannot go as far as that at this time, then the very least concession should be 50 per cent. on all her products; and with this, it should be remembered, it would still leave her products subject to a duty equal to the average on the dutiable products received by us from all other countries. This would lower by one-half the high-tariff wall that we have erected against our ward. And if she in return would establish a tariff averaging 50 per cent. on her importations, she could reduce that one-half on her importations from the United States, and this would enable her merchants to buy all their supplies in the United States, three-fifths of which they now buy in Europe. This would not violate the most-favored-nation clause in treaties with other countries, because no country could afford Cuba such inducements as we would offer her by such an arrangement. And it would still give her sufficient revenue; because her present tariff, established by our War Department for Cuba, averages about 25 per cent. American products would still enter the Cuban market at the present rate, but those of other countries would have to pay the higher rate; hence, we would get the trade—and a large and increasing trade, because, with increased purchasing power on the part of her people, Cuba would become one of our most important markets.

The shibboleth of the Republican party in the days of the McKinley tariff was "a free breakfast table," and sugar, tea and coffee were placed upon the free list. When the necessity for increased revenues came, tea and sugar were again heavily taxed, but coffee remained free with great benefit to coffee consumers. Now that the revenues are again excessive and must be reduced, why not return to "a free breakfast table" instead of further reducing the internal revenue taxes on beer, tobacco,

and whisky—all of which interests are pressing for reductions? The documentary and other stamp taxes made on exchanges might advantageously come off, but beer, tobacco, and whisky can stand present imposts. If the American people could have a chance to vote on this proposition they would speak with no uncertain sound, and it may be "good politics" for the leaders of the Republican party to think these things over.

F. B. THURBER.

New York.



II. A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

FROM the moment it became known in the United States what were the ideas of President Roosevelt regarding the economic relations between this country and the Island of Cuba, certain newspapers throughout the Union have been presenting the question daily in its different phases. The question is discussed either from the standpoint of general knowledge or from particular interests determined by locality or by some special industry. But he who in order to study national questions follows public opinion closely, or he who, like myself, observes them with special interest, can make the assertion that the part of the Message of the President of the United States which relates to Cuba was not only the sincere expression of a just and honest opinion, but was also the exact statement of that which the American people think about this subject. In saying "the American people," it is understood that I mean the majority of them. An examination of the opinion of the American press in its dealing with this subject would lead to another conclusion: that said majority is overwhelming, immense, and the slight opposition that exists comes from the representatives of two industries that are alarmed without reason. The nation, therefore, which is greater than the prejudices of the schools or the fears of private interests created under abnormal conditions, views

with sympathy and is ready to support the recommendations of the Executive, because they are the expression in concrete form of the national policy of this country—elevated, broad, far sighted, and just.

Like all political questions, the Cuban question has two sides: the American and the Cuban point of view. These two aspects of the subject may be subdivided almost indefinitely, according to the particular subject treated and the extension of the discussion. I shall not at this time treat of more than one phase of the American position,—the most important,—which possesses the quality of being of national importance to the commerce of the country: always an interesting subject to the American people.

The question of the obligations and duties of the United States in Cuba is of the highest importance, and is being extensively discussed at the present time. At the bar of public opinion it is a matter of national honor, and is also a question of national policy.

In response to the law of universal harmony, which operates both in the physical and moral universe, there does not exist anywhere a country, limited both as to territory and population, which lies within the sphere of the influence of a great nation, whose destiny is not powerfully influenced by its neighbor.

Cuba is by natural law a geographical appendix to this part of the American continent, and in a greater or less degree its fate is linked, and must be linked, with that of this land. Cuba's progress, her surprising volume of commerce, her political struggles—all have been affected by being within the sphere of influence of the United States. Cuba belonged to Spain while the United States consented thereto. No European nation could have wrested the Island from Spain since the United States became a nation, because the latter power would not have permitted it; and Cuba did not strive for independence, as Central America and other North American republics, because the United States would not consent thereto. Her separation from

Spain was the result of an international war, and in virtue of said war, and in view of the treaty that followed, this nation contracted certain undeniable obligations. Later, by a deliberate act (the carrying out of a traditional policy, pursued by every Congress and by all Administrations of this nation, except once in 1898—this being an isolated action), the independence of Cuba has been limited by placing the Island in the position of an American protectorate, and abrogating to said nation the rights of sovereignty, which among free people are those most highly prized, sacred, and inalienable. By these later steps, taken by the preceding Congress, the United States has contracted certain obligations; their fulfilment has become a question of national honor, as President Roosevelt, who is above all personal or selfish motives, has shown to the American people. Individual interests had an opportunity four years ago to speak to the nation. They then said nothing. They should now suffer the consequences, because it is an axiomatic truth that "the accidental must give way to the essential;" and the essential for the American people in the Cuban question is to proceed in that broad spirit of honor and justice which has helped so vitally to make the nation great and respected.

The United States has denied the power to Cuba to grant privileges of the highest political importance, and therefore Cuba is, and must continue to be, a military dependency of the United States; and owing to the geographical position of Cuba this dependency is an advance naval station of the United States, which exposes the inhabitants of Cuba to greater dangers than those which may threaten the inhabitants of the United States. This fact is so patent that no well-informed American can fail to acknowledge it. The theater of the first war the United States may have with another naval power will be in the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea, and Cuba and Puerto Rico will be the countries that will first suffer the effects of such a war. However favorable may be the result for American arms,

Cuba could not but suffer deeply, and no American could equal us in desiring a complete and prompt triumph for the United States.

Would it not be a misfortune that, behind the American batteries in case of war, there should be a sullen—perhaps a hostile—people, because their sympathy had been alienated in place of having loyal friends? When owing to a war the sugar fields of Cuba should be again burned, the Island blockaded, and its sugar and tobacco warehoused, the beet-sugar growers of Colorado and Nebraska and the tobacco growers of Pennsylvania and Kentucky can make and harvest their crops with as much safety as at the present time. They may well be more generous *now*—an hour so critical for Cuba.

At the same time, and as a consequence of the privileges that the United States has taken in Cuba, the right of sovereignty that Cuba has granted to this country, thereby constituting herself a military dependency of the United States, and when Cuba organizes as a *Republic* (as a republic similar to certain European principalities), can it be thought for a moment that it can propose treaty relations with any nation of the world? Who would treat with her? Have the contracts made by minors any value without the signature of the guardian? By the Platt amendment Cuba is, and must continue to remain, in a state of tutelage, and the United States *per se* has made itself guardian, ratifying the obligations contracted before the world by the Treaty of Paris. The foregoing fully demonstrates that the United States has contracted certain obligations with the Cuban people.

Let us consider now some special aspects of the petitions that the Cubans have presented.

The conflict between certain individual American interests and those of Cuba has developed some interesting features. With regard to tobacco: This country consumes 6,000,000,000 cigars per year, and only 6 per 1,000 is Havana made. As was remarked by a distinguished Cuban before

the Ways and Means Committee, this amounts to scarcely two cigars per year for each American smoker. It may be further affirmed that the Cuban tobacco threatens no American interest, as we have neither the population nor the facilities to increase the output, and the production of our tobacco is much more expensive than that of the United States.

With regard to sugar, the case is different. Sugar is an article of prime necessity. The American consumer is paying almost double that paid by the English consumer. The Treasury of the United States does not need the duties levied upon sugar. This duty benefits only certain companies and individuals who have organized to defend a particular right. The sophistry that the decline of the beet-sugar industry in the United States would leave 30,000 or 40,000 men without work, who are now living by this industry, is as ridiculous as the statement made in former times, when it was declared that the establishment of railroads would throw out of employment freight-wagons and stage-coaches and those interested therein. Here, with cheap sugar, the canning industry will be developed, and the cultivation of fruit will be stimulated to the degree that it has been developed in England—even to a greater degree. I am thinking of the total suppression of the duties on sugar. This is of more importance than an uncertain benefit to 500 individuals who oblige 80,000,000 of people to spend \$100,000,000 additional each year—and this to aid an industry whose capital does not amount to any such sum. This is said without taking into account the future.

For the present, and so far as the reduction of the duties on sugar concerns Cuba alone, the alarm is simply ridiculous, because, from the moment in which Cuba produces not even half of that which the United States needs to purchase abroad, the price is always fixed in virtue of a proportion between the price of sugar in Hamburg plus the price of transportation duties and the price at which the producers can sell it.

Cuba has not had the labor to double her crop for many years, and this is the best guaranty for the domestic sugar industry. Its danger is not in Cuba but on the other side of the Atlantic, and in the commercial spirit of this nation, which cannot much longer ignore the opportunity to take another step along the road of its economic preponderance.

The other side of the Cuban-American problem embraces two features—one political and the other economic. The former is now practically decided; and in support of my thesis I venture to repeat some extracts from an article I wrote about two months ago—published in *Gunton's Magazine* for December, 1901:

"Cuba's political problem has been solved by putting the Island under the control of the United States. This is so because the prodigious commercial development and progress achieved under the Spanish *régime* was due largely to the fact that the Island, from the day that the American nation was constituted, was within the reach of the United States and practically outside the influence of the Spanish nation. There may be degrees in the efficiency of the American control—many details may be modified; but there is no reason to believe that the Island will ever be an entirely independent country like Colombia or Costa Rica, or that she will ever be permitted to unite her destinies with those of any other nation than the United States.

"It must not be overlooked that American statesmen ever since 1809 have considered Cuba as a geographical appendix of the southern section of the Republic, likely some time to become a part of the American Union. Upon this policy they have always acted in the treatment of international questions relating to the Island, and at the Panama Congress in 1826 the United States acted in such a way as to make it impossible for the Island of Cuba to be an independent nation or become a part of any Spanish-American State. Spain, on several occasions, was given assurance that she might retain possession of the Island, and the principle was proclaimed from the beginning that 'whenever it would become impossible for Cuba to remain any longer under the Spanish flag, that day she would definitely join this Republic.' In 1823 Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to President Monroe, dated June 23d, said: 'The

truth is that the addition of Cuba to our Union is just what is needed to make our power as a nation of the greatest interest.' This is proved in 1901 to have been prophetic. Such was the point of view from which the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives of the United States considered the question in 1826, when discussing and recognizing in the Congress of Panama the paramount importance that the intended invasion of Cuba might have for this country. 'The Morro Castle can be considered as a fortress at the mouth of the Mississippi,' said the committee in an official document.

"Those who know what has been the policy pursued by the United States in this matter during almost a century cannot have any misapprehension as to the true meaning of the Platt amendment adopted by the last Congress to settle the relations between Cuba and the United States, and approved by the President. The Island is to-day a military department of the United States, and its government is administered in the last resort by the President as Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States through the War Department in Washington. The rest will come in due time. For this reason we say that the political problem of Cuba has already been solved, and that whatever is to be done hereafter, in this line, is unimportant."

But nothing has been done to settle the economic question in Cuba. Nothing has been done in this direction during the three years of military occupation. And this is to be regretted all the more, because no form of government can enjoy more liberty in the prosecution of a liberal policy than a military government—an administration that enjoys the benefits of despotic power given by the laws of war, and that may do so much good in the hands of wise authorities who demand prompt execution. Schools have been established, streets have been cleaned, and the mortality has been reduced in a wonderful manner. The military administration of the United States merits the gratitude of the Cubans for the services rendered. But it should not be forgotten that this has been done with Cuban money. And the United States has been able to do better than Spain in this line because the United States cleared up for the

benefit of Cuba the heavy burden of a very high interest-bearing debt, and many other national obligations, which absorbed three-fourths of the budget of Cuba during Spanish rule.

But Cuba economically (and politically also) is no more than a colony. She must purchase abroad all that her inhabitants need for their support, and to advance her development in civilization must sell abroad all she produces in order to purchase. Upon the facilities she may have to engage in foreign commerce are based Cuba's peace and prosperity. This is fundamental. Spain could not make Cuba happy because her commercial power was too small to supply the necessities of her colonies. The United States has always had in Cuba many friends and partizans, because the former held out bright promises for the ambition of the Cubans. The United States might and can consume all that Cuba produces and even much more, and the Cubans on the other hand can procure in the American markets all they need. But the reality has been a disenchantment, and the Cubans have a right to say that the United States has threatened them worse than Spain, because Spain could not give for the reason that she had nothing to give; but the United States has not considered the necessities of Cuba during the last three years, and Cuba economically considered has been abandoned. Along this line, treating of Cuban products, on their reaching the American custom-houses they are treated as foreign products; and in a few years, under the protection of the United States, Cuba may fall into the impoverished condition of Santo Domingo and Jamaica. Surely this will not be an honor to the United States—but it will be the inevitable result of a policy contrary to the spirit of America and of the desires of President Roosevelt.

L. V. DE ABAD.

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SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST IN THE COMING AGE.

IN the closing words of his article, "The Debt of Science to Darwin," Alfred Russel Wallace paraphrases the eulogistic words of the poet thus:

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, '*Let Darwin be,*' and all was light."

This is the splendid tribute of a friend to probably the greatest scientist the world has yet produced. Darwin's unfolding of the evolutionary process in his "Origin of Species" is the wonder, but at the same time the glory, of this age. It enables us to behold a unity in the Universe of God. Every star and sun, moon and planet—each tree and flower, bird and insect and animal—is an essential part of a mighty Whole working out "one increasing purpose" through the ages.

In the marvelous observation of the facts of life, and the revelations that grew out of them, Darwin discovered a universal law, which had been recognized in a more or less vague way and in a narrower field by every intelligent observer. He noticed that the tendency in all living organisms was toward the elimination of injurious and individual differences and variations, and the preservation of those individual differences and variations called "favorable." This law he termed Natural Selection, or the Survival of the Fittest.

At first thought it seems repulsive to a delicate and refined taste to read such language of Darwin's as the following: "It may not be the logical deduction, but to my imagination it is far more satisfactory to look at such instincts as the young cuckoo ejecting its foster-brothers, ants making slaves, the larvæ of ichneumonidæ feeding within the live bodies of caterpillars, not as specially endowed or created instincts, but as small consequences of *one general law* leading to the advancement of all organic beings, namely: multiply; vary; *let the*

strongest live and the weakest die." Or, again, the closing words of the chapter on the "Struggle for Existence": "When we reflect on this struggle, we may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of Nature is not incessant; that no fear is felt; that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply." Yet we must remember that this is not the language of cold philosophy. We cannot reject it as we might a cruel dogmatism of the Middle Ages. It is a calm statement of a universal fact, and a little reflection will convince us of its truth.

The Apostle Paul in a general way recognized this truth: "We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, and not only they, but ourselves also, . . . even we ourselves groan within ourselves waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." He noticed a struggle in creation and in humanity, but the outcome was for the betterment of the race. "We know," says he, "that all things work together for good." Even a superficial glance at history reveals the outworking of this law in regard to the human race; for it is the purpose of this paper to illustrate and apply the law of the Survival of the Fittest as it affects humanity.

The history of the Jewish people affords a striking illustration. Had they remained in slavery in Egypt, the probabilities are that they would have in time succumbed to the overpowering strength of the taskmasters; but at the call of Moses they were removed from unhealthy soil and placed where they could survive. They proved themselves superior to their enemies, and after a protracted struggle they conquered the various tribes of Palestine and became absolute possessors of this fertile land. They survived, however, only as long as they remained the fittest. In time, through their weakness, other and stronger nations came in and took away their land, and the remnant were scattered to the four quarters of the earth.

What nation could withstand the trained legions of mighty Rome? They subdued the brave but untrained Briton, they conquered the Gaul and the Greek, until finally the Roman

eagle was the symbol of power in every civilized land, and Roman law the justice of the courts. But the moment Rome lost her strength there swept down upon her the hordes of Goths and Vandals—people possessing the ferocious strength of a brutal nature, nurtured and developed by long and close contact with Nature herself, which, engendering a native simplicity, kept alive and strong the physical instincts. Rome, depleted in her physical force, could not withstand the furious onslaught. She fell, and the Goth and Vandal survived; but it was a survival of mere physical strength. And this struggle of nations has gone on—we are witnesses to-day that warfare is not a thing of the past.

The late war with Spain is a timely illustration. America was victorious because she was the fittest to carry on the war. There are many who prophesy that a time will come when the Latin races will become extinct, and that the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic peoples will survive and be supreme in the northern hemisphere of the world. But Darwin speaks of "*individual differences and variations.*" It is the individual who feels most keenly the force of this law. We are conscious of struggle from the moment we awake to our own individuality to the end of life. A large proportion of one's time is taken up with the struggle for mere existence. With millions this is the *all* of life. Very early in life do we become conscious of the fact that there are competitors in the race with us. The boy at school is taught to compete with others for the prize or for the highest place in the examination. How a mother's heart throbs with joy when she hears of her boy or girl taking off the highest honors at the university! But the boy or girl knows that these honors are the result of struggle. And when that boy or girl comes to take his or her place in life's work, there is the realization that the struggle must continue, though in a different way. There are competitors in every calling. "We must fight if we would win" is the inexorable law. But we must not forget that in the competitive struggle those who do not survive succumb.

It would be interesting to know just how many literally "go

to the wall" every year—the victims in the struggle for mere existence. Darwin says: "The vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply." In the struggle, then, it is to our advantage to keep vigorous and healthy and happy. In order to be so, each individual must keep physically strong. To keep physically strong brings into view a struggle with forces in another realm. We must do battle with the lower impulses. If they conquer us we are doomed. Thus in the higher realm of life there is no immunity from warfare. We cannot lose sight of the close relation of moral fitness with physical fitness. The laxity of morals led to the downfall of the Jewish people. The enervating effects of immorality weakened the physical constitution of the Roman and made him an easy prey to his enemy. In our war with Spain the *moral* stamina has been emphasized just as much and probably more than the physical. We all know the weakening effects of self-indulgence; hence, the stronger morally we are the more likely are we to conserve our physical powers. Struggle in the moral realm is possible because of competition with forces of an opposite nature. Modify or remove those forces and there is little or no struggle.

Carried thus up into a higher realm, we touch upon another law, which operates, if allowed free play, to modify and finally to eliminate the opposing competitive forces. It is the Law of Love, which is the Law of Spiritual Selection, or the survival of the fittest in the spiritual realm. In this realm individuals are no longer brought into competition with one another.

In every age, at different intervals, there have arisen men whose work has marked a distinct epoch in the advancement of civilization, and the better understanding of the world in which we live. In the scientific world Darwin stands as one of these. Over eighteen hundred years ago there came into the world one Jesus of Nazareth, whose work marks a new departure in the spiritual realm, ushering in a newer and a better understanding of the relation of God and the world, unfolding and developing the new Law of Love. Before Darwin's time there had lived scientists who saw dimly the outlines of a possible new law of Nature; but it was reserved for Darwin to

make the great revelation. Before Christ's time there lived prophets who beheld as in a vision a new law destined to operate in alleviating the sufferings of humanity, and to usher in a new era; but it was reserved for Jesus of Nazareth to become at once the Exponent and the Teacher of the new Law of Love. Surely it is not irreverent to paraphrase the words of the poet in another way and say—

Morality and Morality's Laws lay hid in night;
God said, "Let the Christ be," and all was light.

"In the fulness of time God sent forth his Son." "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." The new Law of Love that Christ unfolded teaches that every man, weak or strong, has a right to live. It thus modifies the natural law. Christ saw the immediate effects of the operation of the Natural Law all around him. He said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The Father had created the world and set in motion this Natural Law, and now it was his work to reveal the new Law of Love; to bring it out of obscurity; to make it luminous and practical; to teach men how to apply it to life. Christ applied it by beginning at the weak end of the Natural Law. The fittest were apparently the Pharisees and rich men of his day. Christ said he came not to call the righteous, but sinners. He came to seek and to save that which was *lost*. The blind man cried, "Give me a chance!" and Christ restored his sight. The lame man cried, "Give me a chance!" and Christ restored his diseased limb. The leper cried, "Give me a chance!" and he was cured of his leprosy. Poor, lean, hungry Lazarus had no chance in competition with the fat, comfortable, rich, and luxurious Dives. But change the environment and Lazarus survives, while Dives succumbs.

The first outworking of the Law of Love is to give men a chance. How can a child, brought up in the miasma and filth of a slum—ill fed, ill clad, ill educated—appreciate a law of Love? But give that child a bright, neat home, good and wholesome food, sufficient clothing, and the common school (and every child has a right to these, under the Law of Love), and that child soon learns what love really means. There is

sound philosophy in the remark of the witty Frenchman: "I don't believe in Christianity; I've got the toothache!" Let us first of all remove the impediments to the appreciation of truth. Let us make it easy for any one to do right, and hard for any one to do wrong; easy for every one to love, and difficult for any one to hate.

After showing that the sick, blind, halt, lame, poor, and sinful ought to have an equal opportunity to life with the well, strong, sound, rich, and righteous, Christ then unfolds the second outworking of the Law of Love. He singles out twelve men, all of them apparently physically and morally fit, and he says to them, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." I take it that these twelve were to be the embodiment of his teachings, which were to be taught to the world—the practical expression of the kingdom of God on earth. They were to be the incarnation of brotherhood. They were to cooperate with one another, and the competitive spirit was to be entirely eliminated.

When the over-fond mother of Zebedee's sons came to Jesus requesting the highest place in the kingdom for her boys, Christ called his disciples to him and said: "Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you; but whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant." In other words, in the kingdom of God there was to be no rivalry or competition—no thought of place and power. And, later, Paul very sternly rebuked the competitive spirit that had entered into the Corinthian church.

Now, how does this second phase of the outworking of the Law of Love operate to-day? It has already accomplished something in bringing the struggle up into a higher realm. The age of the Survival of the Fittest in mere brute force has passed or is passing away. The millionaire is not necessarily a giant in physique. A leader in any enterprise may be of average weight, physically. The struggle is now in the region of the mental forces. The millionaire is shrewder than others

and uses his superior shrewdness to take advantage of his fellows. In business it may be the survival of the shrewdest. In leadership, peculiar and strong faculties of mind captivate and charm. A leader becomes conscious of superior mental powers, and struggles to be the fittest in leadership. But, though taken thus into a higher realm, the struggle is none the less keen—probably more so.

There remains, then, the application of the Law of Love in its second outworking, whereby the competing spirit shall go out and the help-each-other spirit shall come in. The coming together in coöperation in industry is surely an application of this law, and a beginning of the fullest realization of the kingdom of God as taught by Christ to his disciples. But it is only a beginning. It must extend to nations as well as communities. There must be a national brotherhood. The watchword of the angels at the advent of the Christ must become the watchword of the nations—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

It is strange that competition among nations is still carried on in the old brutal way. The increasing armaments of the nations both in land and sea forces, and the constant manufacture of deadly weapons of warfare, make it too evident that the arena of struggle has not changed between the nations of the world. When the Peace Conference met at the Hague in response to the peace proposals of the Czar of Russia, there seemed to be coming a mighty change in the attitude of the great powers of the world toward war, but the recent bloody fields of Southern Africa speak in mocking response. "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" Is there no other tribunal than war to settle the differences of nations? We acknowledge the supremacy of Love in the family relation; why should it not rule among the larger families of nations?

I am aware that the consummation of such a Law would establish a sort of "heaven upon earth." Then let such be. We are taught to believe in a future heaven, where all that is bad shall be eliminated and all that is good shall survive. Why not begin here and now to eliminate in-

justice, tyranny, oppression, greed, and power; and as the kingdom of heaven is righteousness, peace, and joy, let these survive? The kingdom Christ came to establish was not a future kingdom. "The kingdom of heaven is within you." The Law of Love was not for a future world, but for this. There are millions to-day asking of us, their brothers, the boon of a chance. There are thousands weakening, dying, in the struggle to survive, and beseeching us, their brothers, to remove the barriers that shut them in the charnel-house of death. Brothers the world o'er, now is our opportunity. Let us live and work, preach and pray, until every man born into the world has a chance to live and an equal opportunity with all to labor; until competition shall cease and coöperation shall be a fact; until men shall cease to hate and all men learn to love; until righteousness, peace, and joy, because the fittest, shall survive in the coming age!

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THE PROBLEM OF IMMIGRATION.

I. THE ARGUMENT FOR SUSPENSION.

IT has been repeatedly shown, and indeed is a matter of common observation, that a very large majority of our tens of thousands of immigrants go to the great cities, especially those of the Atlantic seaboard, and that they *stay* there. And in so doing they come into direct and often ruinous competition with the struggling masses of those cities. No other civilized nation dreams of permitting, much less encouraging, such competition. Why should we continue a policy so singular? As for diverting any large proportion of immigration to the country or to the great West, such talk, with due deference to the talkers, seems quite idle.

The fact is, the great drift of population in Europe and America, is to, or toward, large cities. In Europe the disproportionate growth of the city as compared to the country is striking; in America it is startling. In 1880 we had living in cities of four thousand and upward 25.8 per cent. of the total population; in 1890 the proportion reached 32.9 per cent., and in 1900 37.3 per cent. If present conditions continue, as they are almost sure to do, the middle of the century will see two-thirds, and its close more than three-fourths, of the American people leading city lives, and the greater part of them clustered in or near the great centers of population.

The mere fact that urban population will ultimately become considerably diffused, as recently pointed out by H. G. Wells and others, does not at all affect the objection to continued *labor* immigration—ever the great bulk of all our immigration. Whatever transit improvements the future may have in store, the great mass of their citizens will live within the present city limits for some time to come, and not outside of them. And when increasing numbers go to the suburbs the character

of this outlying population will still remain on the whole essentially suburban, and substantially urban.

The reason some of our great American cities grow so disproportionately is because they have become the meeting-ground of both the countryman and the immigrant. In *THE ARENA* for March, 1897, Dr. A. C. True, of the Department of Agriculture, points out that, "between 1870 and 1890, speaking relatively and in round numbers, two million men gave up farming and went to join the great army of toilers in our cities. Taking their families into account, six million people from the farm were added to the population of the town." This may be thought very unfortunate and very undesirable; but the question is not what ought to be, but what *is*. And instead of deploing this drift from country to city it would be far more sensible and statesmanlike to recognize that the countryman, like the immigrant, in gravitating cityward, *is but acting in obedience to a natural economic law*. For the writer just quoted most forcibly and justly observes:

"Lately a few students of modern life have come to see and to say that while present industrial conditions continue the movement of population to cities will continue. The fact is that, broadly speaking, men leave the farms because they are not wanted there. . . . For a time in this country cheap land, superficial methods of cultivation, rapid development of farm machinery, and the swift increase of population engaged in mining and manufacturing enabled our farmers to extend their operations with profit and to give employment to thousands of new men. But gradually, and more rapidly within the last twenty-five years, invention has gained the mastery in agriculture as in other arts. The brain of man has triumphed over his hand here as elsewhere. Few workers per acre are now required. The horse or the machine, steam or electricity, has taken the place of the boy or man. There are more birds in the nest than the parents can take care of. . . . It is not so much love of the town as necessity to earn a livelihood off the farm which drives boys to the town and makes them competitors in the great industrial struggles at the centers of population."

And what so intensifies this struggle is the fact already alluded to—that in the great centers of population the country

lads are met by the tide of humanity ceaselessly surging in from the highways, byways, and slums of Europe, willing to work for a pittance and able to live on it.

From such a contact the countryman is by no means the only sufferer. Various leading bodies of workingmen have protested against a further continuance of these ruthless conditions—of this utterly fatuous policy. One body a few years ago urged that immigration be reduced from 500,000 to 50,000 per annum; others that it cease entirely for a time, and until suitable places for it could be found. And every State or Congressional investigation for years past has been pointing out the menace of the existing system to American labor and American civilization.

Between 1890 and 1898 the immigration reports show that despite "hard times" some 3,500,000 toilers landed on our shores. The great bulk of these were unskilled workmen, farmhands, servants, or persons of no visible means of support. The reason *why* these people must go chiefly to the overcrowded cities or mining centers has already been touched upon, and *that* they do so is incontestable.

To illustrate by the figures of a single census year, taken at random, the Labor Commissioner's report shows that in 1895, of 343,269 arrivals, 224,650 went to New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. Of the remainder, 4,572 went to Wisconsin, 1,516 to Louisiana, and 1,043 to Nebraska. Three thousand one hundred and seventy-four arrivals of one month were traced after landing; 31, *less than one per cent.*, went to States west of the Mississippi, and only 14 to the South. To Boston went 150; to the rest of New England, probably the crowded manufacturing towns, 184. More than 2,300 stayed in the large cities of New York and New Jersey; 313 found their way to Pennsylvania, 44 to Illinois (34 of them to Chicago), and just 62 to all other parts of the United States and Canada. In 1901 only 13.5 per cent. of the immigrants went west of the Mississippi, or south of the Ohio or Potomac. *Indeed*, the central and southern European immigration that now so largely predominates goes not only to the great cities but to

their slums. This element formed .05 per cent. of the population of Baltimore in 1894 and 13 per cent. of its slums, 6.41 per cent. of Chicago's people and 44.4 per cent. of its slums, and 9 per cent. of New York's populace and 51 per cent. of its slums.

Such a situation is causing, and has for years been causing, incalculable injury. Can it possibly be justified by the plea made frequently, and in a recent striking Presidential message officially, that there is still plenty of room for the immigrant in the country, and especially in the great West? With all the respect that is due to the numerous, and in some cases eminent, persons who appear to hold such a view, there would seem to be ~~four distinct answers~~ to it.

The first is that, as already pointed out, the immigrant in the great majority of cases does not go to the West; and it might be added that under the economic conditions referred to he cannot go there.

The second answer has also been sufficiently indicated in the preceding pages, and need not be dwelt upon. It is simply this: That even if a much larger *European* immigration could be diverted to the West, the benefit to the country could not possibly counterbalance the injury being wrought in the East, especially at the great centers of population.

The third answer to the plea of immigration is that the West evidently does not desire the kind of immigration that is coming. An Immigration Investigating Committee, appointed in 1895, sought and received information from the Governors of 52 States and Territories as to the nationality and character of immigrants desired in each. Two Governors, and only two, reported a demand for those from southern or eastern Europe, but not for "laborers." The other fifty, after stating in many cases that labor, even "skilled" labor, was no longer desired, expressed a universal preference for the population from the north or west of Europe, or from the United States. But the records for 1901 show that only 22.5 per cent. of the immigrants came from the sections preferred, while nearly 70 per cent. came from southern or eastern Europe. As for the "labor"

character of immigration, it appears that in 1895 only 90,000 of the newcomers did not enter into direct competition with our toiling masses, being rated as "farmers," etc. But, as on an average each brought only \$16 with him, the great bulk of the "farmers" were of course mere farm-hands, i. e., laborers. And nearly all the others of that year were really of the same class, 38,900 being "servants," 91,000 "ordinary laborers," and the remaining 123,000 had "no occupation," which means that in most cases they had to find one or drift into prison or the poor-house. The figures for 1901 show 53.1 per cent. of admittedly farm and ordinary laborers or servants, and an additional 30.5 per cent. who had no occupation, including women and children, leaving only about 16 per cent. who were nominally outside the labor class. So, to sum up the situation so far as the West is concerned, the returns prove not only that the great bulk of immigration does not go to the West, but that only 22.5 per cent. of the total European immigration is of the *nationalities* the West wants, and that no large part of that can be of the non-"labor" character that is chiefly desired!

The fourth answer to the plea for foreign immigration, whether for West or East, is that if it stopped to-morrow our growth would not diminish, and neither would the surplus population available for developing the country, except perhaps temporarily; for it has often been pointed out, though the fact is most persistently ignored, that immigration checks our natural birth-rate to just about the extent of that immigration. Therefore, our bewildering immigration policy is not making us grow faster, but is merely preventing the natural increase of our own population, and is in effect to that extent supplanting it! And, as just said, if it stopped we should very soon have just as many pairs of hands, and quite as skilful ones, with which to settle, develop, or reclaim.

In "Immigration Fallacies," the writer has tried to point out how far the moral, social, political, and patriotic objections to immigration outweigh the rather imaginary economic benefits. And the worst of it is that the latter *are* so largely imaginary. Popular impressions on the subject are founded on just such

common but erroneous ideas as that the West craves foreign immigration, and that it is adding largely to our general national growth and development. But will not the radical change of attitude that is proposed be narrow, un-American, or unjust to other nations? On the contrary, it is taking very broad ground—as broad as the welfare of our 80,000,000 of people, and therefore is essentially American. As for its injustice to others, as said at the outset, no other nation does or would permit us to invade its labor field, and no other nation can complain with the slightest justice when we protect our own. The principle of “reciprocity” is entirely wanting here—as is respectfully suggested to that able humorist, the Minister from China. *The question of regulating immigration, or excluding it, is purely a domestic one.*

And whatever distinguished foreigners may say officially, they have frequently expressed themselves privately as being astounded at the extreme liberality, not to say prodigality, of our immigration system, which has already made conditions in great cities of the New World approximate those of the Old, and which seems to take no account of the fast-coming time when we shall need all our home territory for ourselves and our children. It was a distinguished foreigner, a very friendly and *candid* one, who was moved by what he saw at the immigration docks and voting booths of New York to quote the satiric phrase that imputes to Divine Providence a special oversight of infants, bibulous personages, and—the United States!

In seeking a solution of this great domestic problem, perhaps our greatest one, we naturally touch upon the subject of the probable approaching action by Congress. The legislation recommended by the President to sift out dangerous anarchistic and illiterate elements is admirable as far as it goes. It is a step in the right direction. But the preceding pages form one connected argument, not for restriction but *exclusion*. Why continue unchanged, except in details, a policy inaugurated seventy-five years ago, when instead of vast (and necessarily absorbing) cities we had a great empty continent to be tilled and settled?

By exclusion of European as well as Asiatic immigration we avoid the appearance of inconsistency. The inconsistency is more a matter of appearance than reality, as fifty years' experience on the Pacific coast has shown that the Chinaman does not and cannot assimilate with the Caucasian; and the people of this coast rightly believe that one great race problem at a time is quite enough for the nation. But the fact that the European immigrant in time becomes assimilated does not alter the further fact already pointed out that in the assimilation process the nation on the whole is much more of a loser than a gainer. A uniform policy is therefore advisable, and would afford neither just grievance nor appearance of one. And on the other side, our side, of the case it is time to reflect that our indiscriminate hospitality has long since ceased to be a virtue, and that self-protection is the supreme law of national life.

JOHN CHETWOOD.

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II. CHINESE EXCLUSION.

THERE is little doubt that the Chinese Exclusion law will be reënacted. Organized labor demands it almost to a man. Legislators of both political parties favor it, and in doing so express the sentiment of their constituents. But the arguments for the law are wholly selfish and do not take into consideration the higher principles of universal human brotherhood and equal rights.

The chief argument for the law is the "cheap labor" contention. Even if this were good economics it would not be good morals. The lesser arguments—that the Chinese are a bad lot, socially, religiously, morally, politically, is so purely selfish that it should shame us to suggest or be obliged to discuss it. Is it possible that Christian men and women, who applaud and support the sending of missionaries to the Chinese, are not willing to receive a few thousand of them and help them by association and personal contact? That this great, free,

strong, wealthy country—boasting to-day of its prosperity, proud of the superior skill of its workmen, able to compete with the world in any form of industry, priding itself upon its missionary and philanthropic spirit—should fear economic injury or should be afraid of soiling its skirts by the coming of a few Chinamen, and should stoop to exclude them absolutely from the land, is one of the most shameful spectacles of the age and cannot but react disastrously upon us. Says Sunyowe Pang, in the *January Forum*, "The law of the United States prohibiting the immigration of the Chinese has not a parallel in the world."

The whole question is primarily not one of economics, but of morals and religion. It is this: Is the Chinaman a brother? Is our God, whom we love to call Father, his Father as well? Is he one of humanity; or may we treat him as we would a race of animals? If the Chinaman is our brother he has a divine right to share equally with us and with the rest of mankind the opportunities that this beautiful earth offers. For a few million people to take possession of this vast country—with its almost unlimited resources, with its natural wealth so abundant that we have as yet appropriated only the smallest part of it—and set up selfish barriers and say no one shall come here and share our good things, at least not unless he can show a certificate of good character, putting forth the selfish, childish excuse that we may be corrupted or we may not get so much wealth if others come to share it; this is as if a father should leave an inheritance to his children, and one of them, because strong enough to do it, should exclude the others from their share. God gave the earth to mankind to use altogether. On the earth man must live, and from the earth he must get his sustenance.

The very first application of the principle of brotherhood is that wherever a man desires to go—wherever he can live to the best advantage without interfering with the personal rights of others—he has a right to go. How strange that this country, which has stood before the world for equal rights, should attempt to exclude a whole race of men from those rights!

The very principle upon which this country was founded was that all men should here have free, fair, equal opportunity; no favors and no privileges, but (all on equal footing) we should succeed or fail according to our worth. And now we are afraid to stand on equal terms with the poor Chinese—afraid to give them equal opportunity with us. We exclude them from the opportunity this great land offers to better their condition because we are afraid they may be somewhat in the way of our own success. Was ever a plea more unworthy a Christian people?

If the State of Texas, discovering oil, should pass a law excluding all not citizens of the State, a great protest would arise, not so much on the ground of constitutional agreement as on the ground of moral right. What right has any body of men to exclude their fellows from equal opportunity in the use of great natural resources? The only possible ground for justification England had in making war upon the Transvaal was the fact that Englishmen going there were not granted equal political rights.

The loudest cry for Chinese exclusion comes from the workmen; and in making the demand they seek not equal rights and opportunities for all, but special rights and opportunities for themselves. In this they continue to play the game at which they have always been so badly worsted. In the game for special privileges only a few can win, and they are the strong, the shrewd, the unscrupulous. So long as the game continues, the great mass of workmen will be crowded under. When the workmen cry for the exclusion of the Chinese from equal rights and privileges with themselves, they justify the strong, the shrewd, the unscrupulous in their game to exclude the workmen from equal rights and privileges. And so God works in Nature. The unjust thing is never the wise thing, even though it seem so for the moment.

Senator Quay would exempt from exclusion all Chinamen who have embraced the Christian faith. And Senator Penrose innocently remarks: "This is likely to have the support of those who are active in church circles generally." How this

would swell the missionary reports! What a rush of applications for orders and ordinations giving the right to baptize! How many volunteer missionaries there would be! Senator Penrose, without meaning to do so, has offered a genuine insult to the Church. The Church is not yet entirely pharisaical. Human brotherhood extends further than to those who have embraced the Christian religion.

The Exclusion act will doubtless be passed, but it will be a sad comment on the times if it be passed without a vigorous protest from those who believe in the brotherhood of man.

Exclusion of any people from equal natural opportunity is not only bad morals: it is bad economics. It is very strange economic reasoning to say that because the Chinaman works for smaller wages he injures or impoverishes us. He may, because of some unnatural conditions, lower, temporarily, the wages of some men; but on the whole he but adds to the wealth of the country.

The object of work is to produce wealth. We talk as if work were an end in itself, as if it were a great boon, and as if there were only a little of it to be obtained—and if the Chinaman gets some there will be less for the American. But work is not like a product of which there may be a short crop. There is plenty of work so long as there is the earth to work on. Work is a means to an end. The end is wealth. We are all working for one another. Every man receives a part of the product of the work of a thousand men, and he pays them with the product of his work. The Chinaman—a foreigner—comes and works for us, produces wealth, renders service, and asks of us for the product of his toil a smaller portion of our wealth than we are accustomed to pay. And then we talk as if somehow by working for low wages he were doing us an injustice! When the Chinaman works for low wages every workingman profits by it in the cheapening of the things he must buy.

Consider a family in circumstances that do not permit keeping a servant. The daughter of the family does the work of the house. But a woman offers to be a servant and do the work at one-half the usual price. Is this an injustice to the family

or to the daughter? The daughter now takes in needle-work and earns in half a day enough to pay the wages of the servant for a whole day. The Chinaman comes to us and offers to do the work of a servant for half pay. Let the workingman take in needle-work—do something else and stop talking about injustice.

As a matter of fact, the Chinaman is a trustworthy, faithful worker, and has added much to the wealth of the country. He is a most excellent general servant. He does much dangerous and unpleasant work that others are unwilling to do. He is a natural gardener, and has made many waste places productive. Sunyowe Pang says that Chinamen have redeemed over five million acres of malarial reed marshes in the delta formed by the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers—land that to-day is worth nearly three hundred million dollars.

The argument that immigration cheapens wages is, however, indirectly true; but so far as it is true it reveals a very great injustice among us. Wealth is produced by man applying his labor to Nature. Nature is man's opportunity. God provides that. So long as the opportunity is abundant, what difference how many use it? Is there less water in the sea for me because my neighbor dips a few bucketfuls? Is there less wealth in the earth for me because the Chinaman is extracting some?

No one imagines that this great land is used to anything like its capacity. Millions of acres lie idle, and what is used does not produce half what it might. Texas alone is capable of producing a living for the world. And the more people living on a section of land, up to a certain limit, the wealthier they will all be because of division of labor and the opportunities of exchange. What ground, then, for the workingman in this country of almost unlimited resources to say that his opportunity to produce is limited by giving some one else the same opportunity? And yet the facts seem to indicate that he is right. But the cause is not that there are too many men for the opportunity, but that *the opportunity is monopolized by a few.*

If sea-water, instead of food and clothes and books, were wealth, there would be plenty for every one. All we would

need to do is to dip. We would then be generous, and would say to the Chinaman or any one else, "Help yourself; there is plenty for all." But suppose a hundred men come to own all the sea-front—all the opportunity to get at the water. These men find it hard work to dip, and hire others to do it for them. They say to their fellows, "Dip for us and we will give you half what you dip." But there are more men than the owners can employ, and the unemployed offer to dip for a third of the water. Then others offer for a fourth, and the competition for a chance to dip goes on until men are dipping for just enough wages to keep them alive. When the Chinaman appears he can live for half as much as a white man, and so offers to dip for less wages. It would not then be strange if there were a cry for Chinese exclusion.

This is but an exaggeration of the conditions that actually exist. Desirable natural opportunity to produce wealth is owned by comparatively few men; that is, all the great natural sources, the mines, the oil wells, the best agricultural land, the valuable rights of way, but more especially the locations of dense population. Natural wealth is abundant, but these are the opportunities to get at the wealth, and they are owned by individuals, and hence all their value goes to the owners. The owners say to their fellows, "Work for us and we will give you a share of what you produce;" or, which is the same thing, "Rent the opportunity and pay us a share of what you produce." But the workingmen are abundant, and machinery enables a few to do the work of many; the unemployed offer to work for less, and the competition goes on till men are working for just enough to keep them alive.

Then the Chinaman appears—he can live on half as much as the white man. It is only natural that organized labor should demand his exclusion. But if organized labor were far-sighted it would demand, not the exclusion of the Chinaman from equal rights and privileges, but its own right to equal use of the opportunities to produce wealth. So long as God provided plenty of water, labor organizations would demand free opportunity for each man to dip for himself.

There is an old story about hunting for a mote in our neighbor's eye and failing to see the beam in our own eye. We are always blaming some poor Chinaman for our troubles when really the cause of them lies in ourselves alone.

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LABOR'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

STATISTICS showing wages, hours of labor, cost of living, and the innumerable things that the working people are doing, and should do, are accomplishing a great deal of good; but they are powerless unless the horrors of labor are also shown. The accidents, diseases, and longevity of the workers would make interesting comparisons when placed alongside those of the employer; yet these statistics have never appeared. The risk of capital is great, but that of the worker is greater—and his reward should be more. Labor can do without capital, but capital cannot exist without labor. All capital might be destroyed overnight and it would be replaced by labor the next day.

It is well known that the cost of living is the governing force in determining what the rate of wages shall be in the various countries—although I am inclined to disagree with the statement that there is a "rate of wages." It is true, however, that the trades-unions have made a prevailing rate in the various localities wherein they predominate. In all sections where there are no unions the lowest rates are paid that the laborer will accept—that will allow him a bare margin to exist upon and to reproduce his species. The object, then, in all communities, should be to raise the standard of living, not to reduce it. When this is done, the education of the people will have begun.

It is deplorable that our colleges and their leading professors have devoted so much of their valuable time to showing how a workingman's family can "subsist on six cents per meal." Yes, my college friend, just as soon as you have solved this problem you will have produced the monster that will enslave us all, including yourself. Of what good is our boasted civilization if three-fourths of the world (that perform its labor) live on their six cents per day, while the other one-fourth (that lives upon these workers) requires sixty dollars to accomplish

the same end? The families of the rich are very small, while those of the poor are very large; yet few of the governing class have the remotest idea as to how this great body of their fellow-men exists—and it is doubtful if they care to know. Abject misery but faintly describes the condition of many of them. The high price of food, especially fruits, does not visibly affect the banker and the broker; but what torture is thrust upon the poor at each cent's raise! Only those familiar with the daily lives of these people can appreciate what this additional cost means.

Let us not seek to find out "how cheaply we can live," but rather "how much better we can live."

The cotton and woolen mill operatives are usually short of stature and hollow chested. They have small pay, excessive hours of toil, and not enough fresh air; and in far too many instances they are insufficiently fed and clothed. Large numbers of Greeks and Armenians are being introduced into these occupations—mainly to break strikes. Is it possible that the Chinese will be brought into this field of labor should the Chinese Exclusion bill fail to be repassed by our Congressional friends?

The structural iron workers and bridge builders, through a mighty effort of their own, have increased their pay and reduced their hours of labor in many localities; but in the majority of cases their pay is poor and the work extra hazardous. Many hundreds of them are killed and maimed each year, and their life-average will not exceed forty years. Their death-rate is very high—among the highest in the trades. Metal workers, as a rule, show a large mortality from tuberculosis.]

—In the machinists' trade, as a rule, the men are poorly paid in comparison with what they have to know and the service required. Their hours of labor are too long and their pay too small.

Enginemen, firemen, and all trainmen suffer from *overtime*; on nearly every railroad in this country these men make from thirty to forty and even fifty days per month. Flesh and blood cannot stand this strain, and numerous fatal accidents have

been traced directly to this cause. It is true that they are "paid" for their time, but it is a serious loss to their manhood and oftentimes dangerous to the public to compel these laborers so to overwork themselves.

Railroad telegraphers are not paid enough, either for their labor or their intelligence. Their responsibilities are great, having thousands of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property in their charge daily. They too suffer from excessive hours of duty.

The printing trades are working too many hours, and are ill paid in many cities. The print-shops are generally without proper ventilation and overcrowded. Printers suffer from lung diseases especially, and the death-rate from tuberculosis is excessive. It is only a question of time when the machine will supplant the hand compositor in all book offices.

The reduction of the hours of labor per day is one of the strongest demands made by labor organizations—and the one most strenuously opposed by the employer. It is assumed that a drop from nine or ten hours to eight hours means necessarily a drop in wages also. "Are the men going to ask nine hours' pay for eight hours' work?" is frequently asked. Will those who ask this question tell us what they mean by "nine hours' pay"?

People still seem to be deluded by the wage-fund theory—the notion that there is a certain "fund" somewhere out of which wages are constantly paid, and which cannot be increased. There is no such "fund" in existence—and there never was. Workingmen are entitled to just whatever wages they can demand, and there is no fixed standard anywhere in the world for so many hours' work. The lessening of the hours of labor in this country, as in all others, has invariably been followed by a rise, instead of a drop, in wages—and there is no reason to suppose that a further reduction in the working hours would have a different effect.

This state of affairs is due to the increased product to be divided—itsself due to the enormous development of machinery—and also to the fact that, the wages of labor being largely

determined by the unemployed class (who necessarily lower wages), the absorption of that class into the ranks of employed labor through fewer hours of work involves the raising of all wages.

Few persons have any conception of the enormous development of the productive power of machinery. The United States Commissioner of Labor, Carroll D. Wright, in his first annual report and subsequently in his thirteenth, has given some valuable and authentic information upon this problem. I will quote some of these facts and figures, which will show that fewer hours do not mean a smaller output:

In the days of the single-spindle hand-wheel, one spinner working 56 hours could spin five hanks of No. 32 twist; at the present time one spinner assisted by two boys will produce 55,098 hanks of the same twist in the same time. A hand-loom weaver wove from 42 to 48 yards of common sheeting per week; now one weaver, tending six power looms, weaves 1,500 yards per week. (A new loom, recently invented, is so simple in construction that one person can attend to twelve of them.) A machine used for cutting and drying paper, run by four men and six girls, does the work that formerly required one hundred persons. In the manufacture of hats one man does the work formerly done by three. In the phosphate mines ten men accomplish with machinery what one hundred men did by hand in the same time. In the manufacture of wall-paper the displacement of labor is in the proportion of one hundred to one. In the winding of silk there is a displacement of ninety per cent., and in the weaving of silk a displacement of ninety-five per cent. In the making of ten plows it required 1,180 hours with hand labor, and only 37 hours with machinery. One dozen axes required 33 hours by hand, against 9 by machinery. In making fourpenny nails, 20,900 were turned out in one hour and forty-nine seconds by machinery, whereas it took 236 hours by hand process. Ten thousand screw-posts were made in 18 hours with machinery, and it required 1,250 hours by hand. Ten thousand fish-hooks were made by the hand process in 82 hours, but the rapacious machine turns out this number in two hours. Twelve dozen adze-eye nail hammers were made in 1,020 hours by hand, and by machinery it took but 38 hours. Twelve dozen blacksmiths' sledges were made by machine methods in fifty hours; this used to require 1,584 hours by the

more primitive hand system. Five hundred yards of unbleached cotton sheeting required 5,605 hours by hand processes and but 52 hours by machinery. One gross of butchers' knives were finished in 708 hours by hand, and in 24 hours by the modern system. Fifty dozen regular taper, triangular saw files were made in 69 hours with the machines, against 687 hours by the hand methods. One hundred dozen men's linen collars were produced in 1,350 hours by hand, against but 191 with the machines. One hundred and twenty pairs of woolen mittens were made in 1,030 hours by hand, and the same number were made by the machine in fifteen hours. One dozen pairs of cotton hosiery required 488 hours by hand and only one hour and forty-four minutes with the machines. Twenty-five marble slabs took 6,000 hours by hand and only 11 hours by machine process. One hundred thousand cigarettes were turned loose upon the community in 990 hours when made by hand, against 149 hours with the machine. One dozen derby fur hats required 42 hours of hand labor, and but five hours with the machines.

The above are leading examples to show the range of these government reports, and similar facts could be continued for several pages.

What do they show? They show conclusively that reduction of the hours of labor alongside of improved machine methods is perfectly compatible with a greater wealth production than ever before. Therefore, if the hours of labor are not reduced, what is the use of machinery? Its value lies in the fact that it diminishes human toil—it has no other value that we know of. And if the hours of labor are not reduced, then the human race does not reap the one and only valuable result of the application of *science* to *industry*.

I will not attempt to answer the question as to how such a reduction should be effected; I am simply trying to clear up some misconceptions under which the mass of the people seem to be laboring.

The rights of property are always considered more sacred than the right to life. A union man will not work with a "scab," and for this reason he is condemned by the press and the public. I contend that the "unionist" is wholly within his

rights in so doing, under the law of self-preservation as applied to himself and his family. Labor is conceded to be a commodity at this time, and, with this labor to sell, the possessor of it has the right to demand the highest price obtainable. He is also justified in protecting his property to the extent of refusing to share it with one who would reap the benefits of the labor union without paying any of its operating expenses or contributing his time to the education of his comrades—for it is undeniable that the "unorganized" man gains a benefit directly from the efforts of his "organized" brother, both in the shortening of the day's work and the increase of his pay. Therefore, he should assume some of the risks of organization in return for the benefits that he receives. That is the theory upon which this Republic was founded.

Columns have been written and hundreds of sermons preached upon how Christianity would solve the labor problem. Probably it would if we had an elixir that would eradicate *greed* from the human system. Who shall so interpret the teachings of Christ as to apply them to this problem? Which text shall we follow?—"Servants, obey your masters, for this is right;" or, "The laborer is worthy of his hire;" or, "Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn;" or—any one of a hundred moral precepts that might be quoted from the Bible. From my point of view, the Brotherhood of Man is the only Christianity that will ever enter into the solution of this labor question.

The statement is made quite generally by public speakers and writers that the Socialist "wants to divide up the wealth of the country"; also, that "he wants to take away the luxuries that are enjoyed by the rich!" Both of these propositions are erroneous. The desire of the Socialist, no matter to what school he may belong, is that the "dividing" be stopped, and that the producer shall have all that he produces;—this, of course, would stop the "dividing" at one swoop. It would also settle the second part of the argument, and build up *all* classes in a given community as well as in the world at large. This building up is being slowly accomplished every day—it is a

slow process, to be sure; but the nightly meetings of the trade-unions, the Socialistic "sections," the local assemblies of the Knights of Labor, and all the various organizations of laboring men and women are contributing to the upbuilding of the human family. This family is the *productive* and the *consuming* one, and its stomach will govern its brain; therefore, we should see that the stomach is well filled with pure and wholesome food. This can only be accomplished in one way—by its labor. Unless it become a member of the exploiting class and plunder other labor, it must continue to be half fed and bring into the world another race of slave-held workers.

How can the workers ever receive the entire results of their labor? When *the people* become the owners of all the mines, the means of transportation, the light and heat, and all the natural resources, including the land. There is as yet no trouble with the *air*—this now belongs to all the people. Still, we may awaken some morning and find that some enterprising syndicate has taken out an "injunction" upon the common use of this necessity of life. However, we need not worry about this conjecture, as the monopolies move slowly, and they usually know when to stop—a step beyond the line of endurance would mean that there would be a revolution, and these "natural-born governors of men" would find themselves out of a job in quick order. That is where monopolists are shrewd; for they fasten burdens upon the backs of the poor in so insidious a manner that their victims are not aware of their enthrallment until it is too late to escape.

Are there any remedies that can be applied to better matters? is asked.

There are some that might be applied at once, if those who could enforce them would only do so. The consequences must fall upon these people, as they seemingly do not comprehend that there is so much poverty and privation in the world—especially in their own neighborhood. They are not brought into immediate contact therewith, and their social requirements are such that they cannot or will not take up the question of humanity. As matters now stand, all reforms have

to come from the masses themselves, and gradually work upward.

As a student of labor problems, I would suggest, as practical measures that would benefit the nation as a whole, the following ideas:

- (1)—Eight hours for a day's work in all industrial and mechanical pursuits. (As the Government has already fixed this as the standard.)
- (2)—Limit child labor. (Let the children go to school—the father to be the sole breadwinner. If there are not enough schoolhouses, use the churches—they are nearly all idle throughout the week, and would answer the purpose most admirably.)
- (3)—Decent homes and good sanitation. (Let the streets in the tenement districts be swept as clean as those in the most fashionable residential portions.)
- (4)—Pure food and good water. Stop the adulteration of food and filter the water. (The food that the poor purchase is invariably the most largely adulterated—so that it may be sold to them at comparatively reasonable rates.)
- (5)—Restrict immigration; in fact, suspend it entirely for a period of five or ten years.

[The suspension of immigration for a term of years is the only remedy that will allow American labor and the recently-arrived alien laborers to assimilate and get some direct benefit from the large amount of work now in sight, and enable the workers to reduce the hours of labor to eight per day. The assassination of President McKinley should arouse the American people to a sense of their danger from unlimited and unrestricted immigration. Anarchists are always derived from these imports, and as the former are opposed to all forms of government—malcontents who would use violence to destroy the existing social and civil order—why should they be allowed to inflict their presence upon this Republic? Would it not be better to compel them to remain in their own countries? At the present time all our American cities have extensive "quarters" in which the visitor will find only foreign customs and habits in vogue and a foreign language spoken. The denizens of these "quarters" have no intention of ever being anything else than

"foreigners." It has been very often proved that immigrants of at least one nationality make it a rule to return to their native country after securing their stake of \$500—henceforth to "live like da Prince." It is time for Americans to become aroused to the evils of this foreign invasion, which is chiefly fostered and encouraged by the railroad and steamship interests, backed up by the land and manufacturing interests.]

These five items, in my opinion, will be sufficient to place us upon a basis somewhat approaching a genuine civilization. Possibly their adoption might cause some of those now "working the workers" to change their occupation!

In the case of manufactured products, the cost of production has reached the minimum. What the employer must do is to study the cost of *distributing* his goods. It costs too much to deliver his products into the hands of the consumer. The railroad rates for transportation are entirely too high—hence the necessity for governmental control of this means of transportation. Each additional "movement" means that the consumer will have to pay for just so much more rent, bookkeeping, interest, and clerical and other unproductive labor. This is an important matter, which has not received enough attention from our "captains of industry." However, the combination of the various individual firms into trusts will cut off much of this expense, but the railroads will still continue to do the hauling at "all the traffic will bear." Interest on borrowed capital will also continue to get in its fine work by night and by day.

Brains and energy do count in the world's struggle; but a man may have both, and, unless "opportunity" step in, they are useless. There are many men with these endowments scattered throughout the country, but they fail to reach a market. It is not important to the workingmen that a few should rise to eminence out of their class, and then be praised as "self-made men"—this generally injures their class by depriving it of its most energetic workers.

Labor has an opportunity to create a demand for honest, well-made articles. The "union label" will identify them. The full strength of the label depends upon how it is forced into

the market, and that force is the workingman himself. If the label is not upon the goods that the consumer wants, it is the workers' fault alone. They are in the majority all the time. They have the power, but it takes them a long time to discover that fact. *The wages paid to labor come from the products of labor, not from the capitalist.* This is the first item to learn from the lessons of political economy. When that lesson is learned, then will the laborer become worthy of his hire—and get all that is coming to him.

WILLIAM S. WAUDBY.

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THE OSTRICH IN THE NEW WORLD.*

OSTRICH farming is a comparatively new industry in the United States, but its growth and the excellent results that have attended the experiments in California, Florida, and elsewhere justify the confident belief that it will soon become a home industry of commanding importance. It belongs to the large number of new enterprises, inaugurated during the last twenty years, that form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of present-day material development.

It was recently my privilege to interview Mr. W. H. Bentley, the proprietor of the first ostrich farm established in the United States. The facts related by this gentleman show how indomitable determination and industry, so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, turned what frequently seemed to be a hopeless failure into a splendid success. During the early days of the experiment one failure after another was encountered, and the fact that literature dealing with the subject was so meager, and often inaccessible, rendered the task almost impossible of achievement. Fortunately Mr. Bentley gained access to a very rare and valuable work dealing with the ostrich and its culture, written by a Mr. Douglas, an Englishman who fifty-five years ago established the first ostrich farm of our time in South Africa. This gentleman, after years of patient toil and practical experimentation, attended by many disheartening failures and disappointments, at last succeeded in his efforts, and with the knowledge thus gained prepared his work—the first practical and authoritative treatise on the subject.

From this writer Mr. Bentley found that many alleged facts concerning the ostrich found in natural histories were pure fiction; and the preposterous pictures in old geographies, so familiar to all school-children of the last generation, which

* An interview with the man who established the first ostrich farm in the United States.

represented the ostrich as speeding across the desert with a negro astride his back, were the result of an entirely erroneous idea concerning the ostrich, which, as a matter of fact, is not a bird of the desert, requiring as it does large quantities of water and green food for its sustenance, while it is so framed as to be incapable of carrying a heavy weight—as a man, for example—more than a short distance.

Mr. Bentley was also surprised to find from this authority that the popular idea that the ostrich when closely pressed buried its head in the sand was another fable long taught as a fact. Mr. Douglas asserts that the bird can run at an almost incredible speed for twelve or fifteen miles, after which it becomes completely exhausted and sits down entirely helpless. Many a time, the Englishman observes, he has overtaken the bird before it had sufficiently recuperated again to begin its flight, and on such occasions he had no trouble in killing the ostrich by dealing a single blow on its neck, which was absolutely erect and rigid.

"All my experience," observed Mr. Bentley, "bears out the truth of these observations. It is true," he continued, "that the ostrich spends much time in hunting in the sand or dust with his bill, but that is merely for pebbles or stones, and at no other time does he ever appear to bury his head in the sand; and, furthermore, it never even puts its head under its wing when it sleeps, but keeps its long neck erect and rigid during the whole night, while at the slightest noise it is on its feet, being naturally a wild and highly nervous creature."

Mr. Bentley started his farm in 1883, in the city of San Diego, California. New farms sprang up in various places until the industry became so important and remunerative that capitalists undertook to form a trust including all the farms in the United States. The old pioneer's experience affords a suggestive illustration of the rule-or-ruin spirit of the modern government-fostered trusts. After gaining control of all the ostrich farms in the United States excepting Mr. Bentley's, he was approached by a representative of the new trust, who informed him of the fact and offered him a nominal price for

his farm. On his refusal to entertain this proposition war was declared on the pioneer by the organization, and he was informed that he would be ruined.

Mr. Bentley accepted the challenge, and the fact that he had had twenty years' experience in the business and was thoroughly versed in all the details enabled him to succeed in spite of the trust. He moved his farm over from San Diego to Coronado Beach, and here found a ready sale for his feathers. His birds also have increased so rapidly that he has been enabled to sell enough ostriches to stock a farm in a neighboring city.

This exasperated the trust, which again threatened him, declaring that if he sold birds to other parties they would start a rival farm in San Diego. To this he replied that he had no fear of any rival farm, believing that it would stimulate rather than retard his business.

This gentleman gave me many facts not generally known about the ostrich industry in all its branches, which may be interesting to ARENA readers.

When the eggs are laid the male and female birds take turns in sitting upon the nest. From about eight A. M. to four P. M. the eggs are under the female, after which the male bird sits upon the nest, and in six weeks the chicks begin to pick their way through the hard, thick shell.

In eight months the young birds are ready for the first plucking, but the feathers at this time are not very valuable. Every succeeding eight months the birds are plucked, yet it is not until they are sixteen months old that it is possible to distinguish the male from the female.

In answer to my query as to whether the plucking operation was painful to the bird, Mr. Bentley replied in the negative. The feathers are cut off instead of being pulled out, and he assured me that the operation was no more painful than the paring of one's finger-nails. When a bird is ready to be plucked it is caught and quickly hooded, after which it is walked into a corner of the fence so as to facilitate the plucking. Then the 330 feathers that constitute a plucking are cut

off. The most valuable of them are the twenty-six long black or gray feathers obtained from each wing.

After the plucking the feathers are carefully sorted. Many of them are of little value, but the good ones are carefully matched, after which they are washed and dried by running the hand quickly and repeatedly from the large end to the tip until all moisture has disappeared.

"If ladies would always remember," observed Mr. Bentley, "to treat their plumes or boas in this way when they chance to get wet, they would preserve the floss, which otherwise is early ruined."

The clean feathers are made into plumes in the following manner: Only perfect feathers are selected, and the different ones required for the plume must of course be of exactly the same length. The under side of the feather that is to be the top of the plume is next trimmed down very near to the floss and scraped with bone or glass to make the surface perfectly smooth and flat. Both the upper and the under sides of the other feathers, excepting the last one used in making the plume, are similarly treated, while the last feather is only trimmed and scraped on the upper side. By this process the feathers are so thinned and flattened that when they are laid one on the other, three to five deep, they resemble a single thick plume. They are next stitched together, after which the plume is curled by means of a stiff dull blade.

The food of the ostrich consists chiefly of grain and such green food as horses and cattle eat. In the absence of fresh grass, hay and alfalfa are chopped up and given to them. They like all cereals that are eaten by cattle, but will not touch meat or any cooked food.

The female bird is never dangerous, but the male is easily angered and can quickly kill a man with his claw-mailed foot, which is thrust forward with terrific force. While at Mr. Bentley's farm I saw an old male bird strike a post and the heavy cross-bar of the fence with such force as to make deep indentations in the hard wood.

It is a curious fact that the bird whose magnificent plumage

is in such universal demand throughout the civilized world is one of the most unsightly, not to say repulsive, of the feathered family. Its great ungainly legs are entirely nude, and its long, rope-like neck is likewise devoid of a suggestion of a feather. Its eyes, however, are mild and beautiful—the one redeeming feature of an otherwise uncouth creature.

The success that has attended ostrich farming in this country, where it has been attempted under favorable circumstances and by men acquainted with the work, has been so positive that there is no longer any doubt that this new industry will soon furnish a large proportion of the plumes worn in North America.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

LITERATURE AND DEMOCRACY.

THE law of progress parallels the law of human freedom until they converge in the legislation that makes for the liberty of the individual. In other words, all the expressions of civilization—art, literature, science, and invention—realize their fullest development in pure democracy. "We owe our uncivilizedness to our inequality," said Matthew Arnold; and if there was one thing which the great critic most strenuously taught it was that those nations which attain a high degree of civilization do so in proportion to the extent in which equality prevails.

To say that literature can flourish at its best only in a pure democracy is merely another way of stating that literature must reflect the prevailing social ideals. But to avoid misunderstanding it is necessary to discriminate between relative and absolute democracy. Literature is closely related to the whole movement of life. The old conception of literature as an art having no relation to the common life was long ago dispelled. The familiar conception of democracy must also be discarded. "Few people," said Lowell, "take the trouble to find out what democracy is;" and indeed the many misconceptions as to what constitutes democracy are the *fons et origo* of most of the current errors of opinion on this subject.

There is something almost pitiable in the pride with which Southern manuals of literature parade the names of the merest nonentities in imaginative achievement—conscious, with all their vainglory, of the insignificance of the numerically imposing array of utterly forgotten worthies. How does the slavery section compare in this respect with democratic New England—with its Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, and Thoreau? Is there not here a relation of cause and effect? Could the soil of Alabama have given us an Emerson or a Channing? Can you conceive of Lowell writing the "Bigelow Papers" in

Charleston? Why is it that in Georgia, the most progressive of the Southern States, we must seek for the highest literary manifestation in the pro-slavery South—and indeed since? Georgia was long known as the "Southern Yankee land." There, more than in any other of the Southern States, was an awakening of the democratic spirit. Is the higher literary manifestation in Georgia accidental too?

In literary history there are no accidents. A work is projected out of a certain state of society, and the individual mind is whirled like a mote of dust in the general movement. Few indeed are the works that do not possess the atmosphere, the coloring, the soul of the social ideals that prevail. Now and then, but not often, there are seeming exceptions to this rule in which a writer of strong individuality casts from him the social mantle and stands forth in the naked originality of genius.

It may be granted that every social phase has its dangers as well as its advantages to art. The influence of even our modern pseudo-democracy upon literature is something about which much may be said on both sides. It is not to be denied that aristocracies have produced literary works of enduring quality, but the sequestration of this literature has given to much of it an extreme narrowness. Nor will it be questioned that the encouragement of the State in the Florentine and Athenian republics was helpful. It is true, too, that democracy may injure its great ones by flattery; the *Demos* may spoil even as Kings may. But literary individuality may be stifled almost as certainly by fear as by flattery. And it is not to be supposed that the great authors in a democracy will write to please it; they will write, as they have nearly always done, to please themselves. A great writer cannot serve the State, even if he would; he must serve mankind.

The assumption has always been that for the highest development of art among a people we need a leisure class, because leisure is necessary for the prolonged execution of any great work. But this is largely because at all times and everywhere (and it must be remembered that we are still far enough

from a pure democracy) such writers must address themselves to a very limited circle. But this is even more true of aristocracies, which restrict their advantages, intellectual as well as material, to the few. And these are the shackles in which the literature of an aristocracy must stagger.

The advantages to literature of democracy are manifold. First is the immense stimulus coming from the opportunity of a wider appeal, and second its influence upon style. That it makes for clearness and lucidity is indisputable. These are the chief attributes of Howells, our greatest novelist, and the one whom democracy has most profoundly impressed. It has disenthralled the language, given to it homely touches, made it less unbending, torn from it its ruffles and conventionalities. It has enormously reduced the average bulk while improving its general quality, destroyed its folios, and banished its Scuderis. It has done all this, it is true, at the expense of form, for the literature of an aristocracy is apt to pay more attention to manners and propriety and less to matter and truth.

It is not a little significant that nearly all of the English-speaking writers who have been the product of our late democracy have been social rebels—Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, Arnold, Morris. The new note has been one of freedom; the preceding years of an aristocratic literature produced nothing like it. How far it is from the social and political ideals, constantly reacting upon their art, of Gibbon with his stately periods, and of Macaulay with his lapidary's skill! In this new literature there is soul; the breath of much of it (omitting Arnold, whose intellect was a bit of cold and polished steel) is hot with fire. The revolution in the social and political world has been followed by a revolution in the world of thought. For the good of literature one might wish for a revolution every fifty years. For out of some passionate, throbbing social energy, some fierce-blazing fire among the people, your literary masterpiece is born. There is a largeness, a universality in the literary thought that comes from this new relation to democracy.

It is true that we are just now experiencing signs of a return

in social and political life to aristocratic ideals, and the literature of the day, such as it is, reflects much of this in spirit. But this is a temporary relation. There are about us to-day the dreams of a new democracy; and these dreams will persist, and will continue to react upon literature, even though they survive only as radiantly nebulous visions.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

New York.

AMERICAN SUPREMACY.

NATIONS are historic organizations. Dower and duty have been assigned to each—not to make them competitors, but rather coöperators. The consciousness of nationality blinds to the fact that they are but joint means to an end, and that end the service of one humanity. From the mighty dynasties that arose in the world's young years to the modern republics of the West, all have contributed to the mosaic of civilization. The recent past has added its especial contribution. Throughout the last century there has been wrought, in the nations, intension in achievement and extension in development; in its progress we see the future bearing down upon the past, and in its events we see presaged the history of coming epochs when the nations shall be shaped to higher uses and molded for broader influences in the uplifting of the race. To-day, breathlessly fronting the opening age, the whole world stands watching with a new largeness of vision the changes in national boundaries—the transplanting of civilization in the soil of barbarism—and listening to the blows being struck on the great anvil of war, to witness the realization of the last century's prophecies.

In the march of civilization, some one nation has ever led the van. Egypt, Greece, and Rome; Spain, France, and England—each has held the scepter in its turn. We note with admiration the rivalry of powers for preëminence in the future. We see advanced the claim of wealth, material progress, or influence in the family of nations. With pride we view the exalted dignity, the honored position, of our own country. Brightly haloed with the grandeur of greatest promise, in natural endowment, in productive and progressive energy second to none, America looms above the horizon—the mightiest factor in the outlook of the future.

But supremacy brings with it great duty and high responsi-

bility. More than material greatness is needed to assume the task. To accept the leadership in the diffusion of true Christianity and refinement, to undertake the guidance of the spread of liberty and justice, what nation is prepared? Let us, without foolish optimism or self-gratulation, survey the prospect for this Republic in emulation for that enviable position.

The story of American development astonishes the world. A century ago, and outside of a narrow belt along the Atlantic borders, the primeval silence of the trackless plain and the unbroken forest held sway. To-day vast commonwealths, organized and equipped with all the appliances and usages of civilized society, attest the spirit of untiring energy and enlightened purpose that, calling science to the aid of intellectual and physical forces, has laid deep and strong the material foundations of future power and dignity.

Observe, as a single instance, the commercial strength of the United States. With riches showered here in floods, with the highest average of wealth and productive capacity, with the manufacturing primacy of the world almost attained, commercial supremacy is not far distant. In the East is already breaking the dawn of that great day when, as predicted recently, New York will wrench the scepter of power from London and become the clearing-house of the world.

But even now a canker is at work at the very heart of the Republic. The tendency of the time, the idiosyncrasy of the age, is indicated by the unparalleled progression and the very prosperity of this most favored nation. Born of the prevailing idea of material progress, the spirit of commercial advantage now has possession of the mass and body of the American people.) Far-reaching in its effects as feudalism, which found expression in the Crusades and fell before the march of liberty; comprehensive as the struggle for constitutional government, which, beginning on the banks of Runnymede, was continued in England by the Roundheads and in America by the Revolutionary heroes, and culminated in the perfection of Anglo-Saxon freedom all over the globe—commercialism is the colossal spirit of this material epoch, which incarnates the

thought that might is right, which gives license to wealth and doom to poverty, and which will make the twentieth century a century of markets, monopolies, and overtowering individual fortunes.

Paramount in American life, this principle of commercialism is reacting upon the character, integrity, and principles of the nation until, in this liberty-loving land, the democrat is in danger of being crushed beneath the heel of the plutocrat—a worse tyrant than ever was king or other dignitary. Lost are the boldness and independence that characterized the Fathers. Sickened are the champions of liberty in this fetid atmosphere of avarice and greed. Behold the meanness and decay of public spirit! In the presence of such conditions, can we, in all sincerity, justify our pretensions to world-wide influence? Before that privilege shall be ours we must possess those lofty ideals essential to the highest national character, and our institutions and civilization must command the respect of all the nations that we hope to lead.

The duty of the hour, then, is the inculcation of principles that, assimilated, shall produce a spotless national life. And since our public character is determined by our treatment of problems and events, we must find therein the remedy—certain that its right application will not only make the United States the ideal Republic, but will render her influence irresistible in the drama of the world. The past yields experience; the future, inspiration. The times themselves point out our need and show us the pathway to success. They indicate that to our sordid civilization a threefold supplement is needed—a high intelligence, an expansive liberalism, and a spiritual conscience.

We shall attain unquestioned prestige only in the strength of wisdom—a wisdom secured through the enlightenment of every individual of the commonwealth. By raising the ideal of national honor we shall produce better citizens and nobler men. Through the study of our laws we shall train a wiser race. By the comparison of past with present problems we shall develop a more conservative people. Appealing to the finest elements of our nature, we shall give clearer ideas of self-respect, of

self-sacrifice, of freedom, and of justice. With these, and a knowledge of ourselves, our position, our powers, and our duties, we shall inaugurate in this land of homes, of churches, of common schools and the printing-press an age of culture, which, joining hands with this age of power, shall perfect the conditions of intelligence and elevate the citizen to the exercise of the loftiest instincts of humanity.

Of American citizens, who are to be the leaders of civilization, reform, and progress, the times demand a liberal attitude toward the amalgamation of our varied and composite people. X They require, in a nation with structure so complicated, with interests so numerous, with nationalities so diverse, with religious beliefs so varied, with racial feeling so extreme, that Englishman and Irishman, Italian and Celestial, American and African, shall lay aside all jealous pride of origin and minimize antipathies of race and color; that Jew and Catholic, Protestant and Mohammedan, shall banish the discord of diverse religious beliefs; and that all shall unite in a grand pæan of praise to the principles of liberty, equality, and justice—thus making our land a place for the assimilation of differences and the annihilation of distinctions.

The hour calls, moreover, for a new conscience: a conscience pleading for social justice; a conscience whose voice shall ring louder and clearer in the new years of the new century, demanding a right attitude of the individual toward the evils of our institutions; a conscience such that every citizen, whether weak or strong, high or low, rich or poor, shall be given equal privileges and equal opportunities, and that each shall be rewarded in proportion to his toil. Such a conscience we lack to-day. In this generation too often does the hand of the plutocrat throttle free speech; too often does party dictatorship muzzle the press; too often does corporate greed refuse a fair quittance to labor; too often does justice smile upon Dives and frown upon Lazarus. We need to restore the enlightened moral sense that said that men are equal and that slavery is wrong, and that fought the battles for liberty and the rights of man. Then will it be possible to lift the millions out of poverty and

ignorance and to secure the ideal conception of American justice. Then will our principles take on a new luster and illumine a nation in the guidance of Conscience—under the guardianship of God.

And are these qualities—this universal intelligence, this liberality, this sympathetic conscience—ideals unattainable? I rejoice that they are not. For, to incite us to these virtues, to furnish us with pure civic ideals, to inspire us to the truest devotion and the noblest self-sacrifice, we have every propitious circumstance. With us Nature is so bounteous that we have time and means to feed the spiritual as well as the material man. We have our beautiful country, with its placid lakes and picturesque valleys, with its majestic rivers and towering mountains—an environment fit to inspire our characters with the ideals of peace, beauty, majesty, and power designed and desired by the Infinite Mind. We have our sacred spots and hallowed scenes, which so vividly recall and so eloquently testify of our nation's patriots, her statesmen, and her heroes. We have our national emblem, with its every star undimmed, with its every stripe unsullied, which, when through it we view our nation's heroic past, its troublous present, and its hopeful future, causes every fiber to quiver, every nerve to tingle, and the heart to beat with an emotion indescribable, undefinable, sublime, but crystallized in that matchless word "patriotism."

Momentous, then, is the issue, and our strength is our weakness! But we can, and we shall, attain this lofty civic level. Even to-day "the old order changeth," and, against a reign of gold, democracy is going forward to new triumphs. Then let it be the hope and the inspiration of every American to see these triumphs multiply—to see this nation a true Republic that can successfully solve the problems with which she is intrusted. To this end let each citizen consecrate himself to the cause of enlightenment, equality, and humanity. Let him, thinking not of reward nor doubtful of the outcome, accept every challenge to battle for the eternal principles of right and justice. Let his be a patriotism brave enough to face without flinching the

threat of the lobbyist; a patriotism noble enough to scorn the lure of the briber; a patriotism just enough to give as well as to demand fair play. Then shall History record the patriot's name in the great Book of Life as one who loved his fellow-men and helped to solve the throbbing problems of his generation.

When this people shall be permeated with a patriotism so enlightened as to destroy prejudice, crush disorder, and kill ignorance; when it shall be infused with a loyalty so liberal as to embrace every religion and every sect, every nation and every race, every color and every tongue; when it shall be inspired with a zeal so moral that the command, "Thou shalt not steal," is obeyed alike by office-holder and constituent, and the command, "Thou shalt not kill," is honored alike by the corporation and the individual; when every citizen offers up a prayer that his every aim may be "his country's, his God's, and truth's"—then shall our nation have worked out its true destiny; then shall be added new stars to the sky of liberty; then in the constellation of nations shall ours be the star of first magnitude; then shall be justified an era of American Supremacy, and men shall behold Columbia the Arbiter of the World!

A. B. DEAHOFE.

Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRIAGE AND DRESS.

ONE of the most noticeable and melancholy facts in the social life of to-day is that young men are less prone to marry than they used to be. Bachelors are more numerous, and the majority of girls suddenly awake to find they have passed the age of thirty and are apparently doomed to die "old maids."

What is the cause of this social change? Why do we find so many men passing the age of thirty-five still unmarried? Once past that age the chances are that the man will die a bachelor. There certainly must be a reason or reasons for this disinclination of the average young man to marry. Can it be true that the girls have themselves to thank—or quarrel with—for having made the young man of to-day fight shy of matrimony?

In some respects it is a good thing that men and women should not rush into wedlock at an early age—before their minds are sufficiently matured to realize what they are doing, or to distinguish between fancy and love, or to appreciate the obligations that married life imposes. There have been too many cases of such folly in the past, and there are too many even now. Men should not take the chances of wrecking their lives before they have reached the age of at least twenty-five, and the girl who marries before she is twenty must run the risk of finding herself a physical wreck before she is thirty. Boys and girls should have a period of enjoyment between the emerging into adolescence and the state of mature manhood and womanhood. As a rule we have become wise enough to realize this; so we do not regret that what may be called "baby marriages" are not so common as in former times.

In northern and temperate climates there are many who think it would be wise to prohibit men from marrying under twenty-eight to thirty and women under twenty-two to twenty-

five. In the long run society, they believe, would be much the gainer. On the other hand, barring cases objectionable upon physical or moral grounds, every girl of twenty-five and every man of thirty should be married. While, therefore, the comparative disappearance of "baby marriages" is good and their entire prohibition would be better, yet the constantly growing disinclination of young men to marry and the increasing number of single men and women of marriageable age are matters for great regret and subjects worthy of serious study.

This brings us back to the question, Why do young men hesitate to marry? Are natural desires less strong than of old? Certainly not. Has the marital relation lost its charms? Undoubtedly not. Has the desire to establish a home of his own and to perpetuate his name by progeny, as well as to have children to care for him in his old age, ceased to exist in the young man of to-day? Not at all. He refrains from marrying mainly because he feels that under existing conditions he cannot *afford* to marry—which logically means that it has become more expensive to support a wife.

It may be questioned whether the various avenues of employment in commercial and other pursuits that have been opened to women have resulted in benefit to the sex from a matrimonial viewpoint. Before the advent of the typewriter, every respectable law office employed at least three or four male copyists. They received fair salaries, and they took wives unto themselves. To-day one girl, for less wages, has taken the place of the four men—who are now out of employment or are earning so much less that marriage is out of the question. And this girl more frequently than otherwise is not obliged by necessity to labor, and what she earns is put "on her back"—in other words, is expended for *dress*. In addition, she feels independent and demands more of the young man than she formerly did. In every large store are to be found numbers of girls who could very well live at home, but who prefer to work outside in order that they may dress more finely. It is bad enough when a girl is *obliged* to labor among men for the actual support of herself or a family; but when she

does so without necessity, and simply for the sake of dress, she injures both sexes. If she does not displace a man she places an obstacle in the way of another girl who actually needs the wage, and she aids in lowering the never too large rate of compensation paid to all.

M. Edgar de Ghelin, a Belgian writer, in a recent article in the *Revue Générale*, which has escaped the comment it deserves from our press, declares that American women are a ruin to business in their own land and a menace to industrial and commercial Europe. He writes: "In America, women are now practising several professions which in former times were practised solely by men," and he gives the following statistics showing that the United States contained—

	IN 1870.	IN 1890.
Actresses	995	3,919
Women architects	1	22
Women painters and sculptors ...	412	10,810
Women authors	159	7,725
Women preachers	66	1,235
Women scientists	24	337
Women engineers	0	127
Women journalists	35	888
Women legislators	5	208
Women doctors and surgeons ...	527	4,555
Women officeholders	414	4,875
Women bookkeepers	9	27,777

He asserts: "The education of young American girls is designed to excite in them all possible ambition. Even in their childhood they are taught to be independent, and later they go to a school where they are taught together with boys, and then to a university where they learn Greek, algebra, mechanics, and the sciences. In fact, they are taught everything *except how to become good housewives and mothers.*" This latter assertion is unpalatable to us, but we are obliged to admit that it is not wholly barren of truth.

So far as girls in employment displace men, they decrease their chances of marriage; so far as they increase the love of dress, they make the prudent young man afraid of matrimony.

The manager of any large department store will tell you that when these girls marry they make, as a rule, a big "splurge" at the wedding—and it is not many months before the majority return seeking employment. They find themselves unable to gratify their love of dress and to maintain a home on the average man's earnings.

Here, then, is a potent reason why young men are not in a hurry to wed, and why so many do not rush into matrimony even when they are earning respectable wages—being aware that the tenure of employment, except in rare instances and where the labor is especially skilled, is very uncertain. They see no chance of saving for a "rainy day" with a wife who as a girl became imbued with the love of dress. They have female "cousins"—not to speak of "nearer ones"—and female acquaintances, single and married. They hear their conversations and their repetition of their friends' gossip; and this is the sort of thing they listen to: "I can't visit Miss Brown and her friends the way I dress." "I should like to go to Mrs. Smith's but I haven't anything fit to wear." "I can't go calling in this same old dress." (It is not shabby and it is not worn, but it has been perhaps in frequent use.) "I don't see how that girl dresses on her income." (An innuendo that likewise has not escaped the thoughts of the young man.) "I am ashamed to be seen again in this costume," etc., etc.—with the young married women as particular as the single girls.

Certainly no one wants a girl to dress shabbily or dowdily if it can be avoided; and with the quantities and varieties of dress goods to be had nowadays it is possible to dress neatly at a modest cost, especially if a girl has any taste and will learn to be handy with the needle—an accomplishment that the vast majority of girls could acquire if they would make an effort. But when it comes to wanting a new dress for every occasion; when it comes to deriding a costume not because it is tattered or worn out but because it has been in use over a given time; when it comes to striving to dress as if one possessed an independent income to be used solely for dressing and as if dress were the main object of life (and, by the way, it is only the

parvenu and the most ignorant of servant girls who make displays of themselves upon *all* occasions) ; when a large majority of women think of little else than dress (frequently, as the observant young man has found out, procured at the expense of landlord, grocer, and butcher, which is decidedly *not* honest)—it is an altogether different story, which at least suggests why the modern young man is holding aloof from matrimony. He is not telling the girls the reason, but his male friends know it. He admires the girls—he likes to take them out in a splendid costume, which draws forth complimentary remarks and attention—but he is not asking them to marry him.

Oh! you maids do not care? Perhaps not—just at present. But when the time comes that you find it desirable to prevaricate to the census-taker regarding your age, and you are enrolled in the colony of the “left,” and you realize that you have missed the greatest pleasure that life affords—it will not become you to call the young man a fool who did not know a good thing when he saw it. You will be truthful if you place the blame where it belongs—upon yourselves.

HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS.

Chicago, Ill.

A CONVERSATION

WITH

PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS, B.C.E., PH.D.

PRESENTING

SOME REASONS WHY THE PUBLIC SHOULD OWN AND CONTROL
THE TELEPHONES. -

Q. Professor Parsons, last month you gave our readers some facts relating to the governmental ownership of telegraphs and telephones. This month I should be glad to have you tell us something further concerning the telephone service. It is often claimed that great natural monopolies are more rapidly developed and equipped with better facilities to meet the demands of society when conducted by individuals than when managed by the State or government. This position, as you know, is stoutly maintained by Mr. Bethell and other managers of great telephone interests?

A. Yes; but Mr. Bethell is at fault in the comparisons he made, which were intended to show that private ownership tended to high telephone development. The general manager's data of telephone development are of great interest, but the comparisons made do not have the bearing impliedly given them in reference to the influence of public and private ownership on telephone development, because of the mixture of other causes and because of the selection of American cities entirely from the list of those most highly developed. That New York City has 26 telephones per 1,000 people while Paris has 13 per 1,000 proves nothing as to public ownership, because there is even a greater difference in favor of New York in respect to transit and other interests that are private in both cities. Moreover, the heart of New York (Manhattan and Bronx) is selected

for comparison with Paris instead of taking the whole city, Greater New York. It would be fairer to compare London's 7 telephones per 1,000 people, under private ownership, with the 13 per 1,000 in the public system of Paris, for general conditions are more similar in London and Paris than in New York and Paris. It should be noted also that the 7 per 1,000 of the private system in London, and the low development in Warsaw and Moscow and other half-civilized places are among the principal factors in pulling down the average of the European cities dealt with by Mr. Bethell. Instead of comparing the 26 telephones per 1,000 of population in the heart of New York with the 25 per 1,000 in the whole of Berlin, why not compare Greater New York's 20 per 1,000, or Brooklyn's 11 per 1,000, or Philadelphia's 16 telephones per 1,000, or St. Louis's 17, or Washington's 14 per 1,000, with Berlin's 25 per 1,000? With smaller places, Larchmont's 180 telephones per 1,000 people are contrasted with Troughjenn's 38 per 1,000, but it is not explained that Larchmont is a gilt-edged residence town filled with wealthy New Yorkers, while Troughjenn is a city of more than 30,000 with the various classes of people in ordinary proportions. It would be fairer to contrast the 6 telephones per 1,000 in the Bell system in Chester, Pa. (34,000 population), or the 10 per 1,000 in Camden, or the 19 per 1,000 in Trenton, N. J., or the 14 per 1,000 in Wilmington, Del.

If a city of low general condition shows a higher telephone development than another city that is in general more civilized and progressive, then some valid inference may be drawn as to the effect of differences in rates and management. But if the more civilized and progressive city has the higher telephone development than another city that is in general more civilized overcharges. The truest comparison is between public and private ownership in the same place, and Mr. Bethell's admission in relation to Stockholm and the powerful movement from private to public telephone systems in Amsterdam, Denmark, Sweden, Austria, Switzerland, France, and England are of the deepest moment.

When the government entered the field in Stockholm, Mr. Cedergren, manager of the private company, had 5,000 subscribers, and was running along with single overhead wires. The government started by bringing rates down from \$22 and \$28 to \$16.50 and \$22, putting on metallic wires against single wires, underground against overhead wherever possible, direct connection with long-distance trunks, and free communication with all places within a radius of 43 miles. The company met the competition nobly, gave free service within 43 miles, put in metallic circuits, so that in 1894 there was not a single wire circuit left in Stockholm; and, with the aid of their big start of 5,000 subscribers, the genius of Mr. Cedergren, one of the leading telephonists of Europe, the wealth of the owner who could get along whether he got any profit or not, and the aid of the municipality, which took sides with the company against the State, the private exchange has been able to keep ahead of the government exchange in its membership; but it is clear that the impulse for development came from the government and not from the company, as Mr. Bethell indicates.

On page 801 of his revised testimony Mr. Bethell says: "January 1, 1901, London with a population of 5,633,000 had 41,111 telephones; that is, seven per thousand. . . . Among European cities of its class London's development is exceeded only by that of Berlin." This is clearly incorrect, for on the general manager's own data London has less development than Vienna, and only about half the development of Paris. In fact, the private system in London has a lower development than any public system in any city of its class (over 1,000,000) for which Mr. Bethell presents the data—a lower development than any system, public or private, in any civilized city of 500,000 or more for which I have the data. In Holland the telephone business was private till 1896, when the two leading cities, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, secured franchises for municipal plants. Amsterdam reduced the rates from \$47 to \$36 (with an installation charge of \$10), improved the service, and largely increased the number of telephone users. This is the sort of comparison that proves something, because it is a comparison

of the two systems of ownership in the same place. In respect to rates, however, there is an offset, as the private company had to pay a larger percentage of its receipts to the city in taxes. When the city went into the telephone business (November, 1896), it buried the cables, introduced a better equipment than the Bell Company had used, and greatly extended the service. The city not only cut rates from \$47 to \$36, but kept open all night instead of closing at ten o'clock. For employees it shortened the hours, increased wages about 25 per cent., and established half pay during long sickness.

The private company had 1,700 in 1896, or 3.4 per thousand of population; while the public system at the end of 1900 had 4,462 subscribers, or 8.7 per thousand three years after the plant went into operation. The development is still low, but it is vastly greater than under private ownership in the same place, and greater than in the private system of London, and the public plant is making a profit. In Rotterdam the rates range from \$26.40 to \$38.40, with an installation of \$8. In 1896 under private ownership there were 1,000 telephones, or 3.5 per thousand people. At the close of 1900, with the municipal system, there were 3,089 telephone stations, or 10 per thousand of population.

Aside from specific comparisons there is a general inference that seems to me valid. In any given locality with reasonable service, the lower the rates the greater is likely to be the telephone development; and, since public ownership tends to lower rates than private ownership in the same locality, it would seem reasonable to believe that public ownership tends to enlarge the use of the telephone.

Q. Are our telephone rates also too high?

A. - In most places, yes. In Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, a few years ago, there was a Bell exchange charging \$36 for a residence 'phone, and \$48 for a business place. A coöperative company was formed, and now the members are getting their telephone service for less than a third of the Bell rates. I had a letter a little while ago from Mr. J. A. Gaynor, the first president of the company, from which I take the following

data: The coöperative exchange has 300 lines; average construction cost \$42; cost of maintenance and operation about 75 cents a month for each line, or \$9 a year, making, with \$3 for interest, a total cost of \$12 a year. Each subscriber has a right to take one share of stock (\$50), and is urged to do so, and nearly all, over four-fifths, do take one share each. One and one-half per cent. dividends are paid back upon those shares, amounting to 75 cents for each shareholder; so that the actual charge to each subscriber for a residence 'phone is 25 cents a month, and \$1.50 a month for a business 'phone. The net charges per member are therefore \$3 residence and \$18 business, or \$6 and \$21 total cost including interest. The company is continually reducing rates, and after paying one and one-half per cent. dividends a month, or 18 per cent. dividends a year, it has a surplus fund for improvements. Yet the Bell people claimed they could not afford to come down from \$36 and \$48!

The *Independent Telephone* movement is demonstrating the exorbitant nature of Bell charges. In St. Louis the independent rates are \$36 residence, \$50 doctor's, and \$60 business—unlimited direct service. The Bell rates ran from \$120 down to \$60 for party service. The new company has rapidly gained subscribers while the Bell has lost, having but 4,200 against 6,000 in the independent system. In Rochester an independent company charging \$36 and \$48 has outstripped the Bell, and another in Indianapolis, charging \$24 and \$40 against the Bell's \$48 and \$72, has built up a strong exchange. The new company in Rochester had 3,600 subscribers early in 1901, while the Bell had dropped to 400. In Richmond, Va., the Bell rates were \$60 and upward. An independent company came in with \$24 residence and \$36 business. The Bell then put down its rates to \$18 and \$30, but has recently made the same rate as the independent. In Baltimore the independent company charges \$36 a year for a residence 'phone and \$48 for a business 'phone unlimited, direct; while the Bell rates are \$60 for direct wire, 700 calls, with \$100 residence and \$125 business unlimited. The independent has gained very fast, and the total number of

stations in the city has risen from 8,000 at the close of 1900 to 13,000 August 1, 1901. In and around Boston, President Holbrook's Massachusetts Telephone Company is putting in 'phones and operating them on a basis of \$3 a hundred calls, or \$12 to \$36 for an ordinary residence subscriber, up to \$72 for unlimited business service with underground wires in the heart of a giant city—rates that will work out an average considerably below \$50, since the New England Bell rates, which are almost double the Holbrook rates, work out an average of \$58 per 'phone. Mr. Holbrook's data indicate that Bell monopoly rates are more than double what the system can be operated for, either in the towns or in the large cities. Philadelphia has an independent company now putting in wires for over 5,000 subscribers already secured at rates about half the Bell charges. The Bell makes a rate as low as \$30 for 500 calls, but it is on a six-party line and is of little use. The active Bell rates are \$60 on a two-party line, 600 calls, with \$130 residence and \$160 business unlimited. The new company charges \$36 for a two-party line, with \$48 residence direct, and \$80 business, all unlimited. There is an independent system in Cleveland also, charging \$36 and \$48 against the Bell's \$60 and \$82, and the movement is under way in New Orleans and a number of other cities. I am informed by two leading telephone managers (who know the inside facts about the business in Cleveland, Rochester, Indianapolis, St. Louis, etc.) that the independent systems with rates about half the Bell charges are making large profits. Millions are being put into the extension of the independent system. The companies are associated and are establishing a long-distance service of their own to rival the Bell. The independent movement has proved that Bell rates are more than twice too high.

AN UNREAL REALITY.

A TALE OF THE DESERT.

BY LAURA M. DAKE.

"Is your name Edmund?"

"Well, yes; I suppose I may lay claim to that name, since it was given me at my christening. Edmund Sparkler the boys used to call me, because they said I 'had no bigot nonsense about me.' But why do you ask?"

The speaker looked at me curiously, leaning forward for the purpose, since our camp-fire, flickering in the night wind, threw but a fitful and uncertain light around us. We lay in the midst of the Great Sahara. Unless you have traversed the unpeopled solitudes of that vast plain, you can scarcely understand the gruesome feeling that masters one, in spite of himself, when he finds only a dead world about him.

All day the garish sun had beaten pitilessly down upon our caravan. In vain, I had swept the horizon for signs of some living thing, although the very air seemed peopled with invisible creatures, and throbbing with sounds beyond the range of the human ear. Sometimes I seemed to hear portions of conversations, always in whisper, and occasionally a laugh, if such weird cackinations could be called such.

How gladly I had welcomed the hour that had brought me into camp, and into closer companionship with my three countrymen! But the uncanny influence was still abroad, despite the genial sherry, the soothing cigar, and the enlivening conversation with which we tried to recompense ourselves for the discomforts of the day.

The talk had flagged for a moment, and, in the lull, a voice, far off, yet clear, as through a telephone, had sighed—"Edmund! Beloved one, I am waiting!" Then I had put my

question to my fellow-traveler, and in reply to his "Why do you ask?" had given the message.

The effect was startling, for he sprang to his feet like one bereft of reason, crying out, wildly: "God! It is she! Philo, my love, my own, let me but hear your gentle voice and I will follow wherever it may lead! Philo! Philo!" A moment later, to our surprise, he was gone; he had rushed away in the darkness, regardless of his course.

Securing torches and lanterns, we began our search for him; but it was not until some hours later that we found him and induced him to return. And then, having no inclination to sleep, we sat beside the glowing coals, the darkness inclosing us like a wall, while we listened to his story.

* * * *

Eight times, my friends, have I crossed this great Desert, but it is of what befell me on my first trip that I will speak. At that time, though but a mere youth, I was a trusted representative of a large Liverpool firm and had been sent to Timbuctoo on a special commission. I joined a caravan *en route* for that point, and managed to make myself as comfortable as possible amidst the inconveniences with which you are now acquainted.

On the fourth day out, as I lay dozing, lulled by the swinging motion of my camel, the quiet was suddenly broken by a hubbub of exclamations. On looking up to discover the cause, I saw, in the distance, the white walls and spires of a city, amid a green foliage of palms and other tropical trees, while before it spread the blue waters of a lake that sparkled in the sunshine. Never had I beheld anything so enticing. "By Saint George!" I cried, "here is a chance for a tub!" (You know what a bath means to an Englishman); and, quickening my camel's speed, I turned him toward the beautiful city.

But my Arab servant ran after me, panting with excitement, and, catching the leather thongs in my animal's nose, brought it to so sudden a halt that I nearly lost my balance. He paid no attention whatever to the seven phials of wrath that I hurled at him in consequence, so eager was he to convince me that what I saw was only a mirage, and that, unless I returned to

the caravan, my bones would be left to bleach on the lonely plain. I only laughed at him as being either a knave or a fool, as did my two countrymen, who now joined me, and fully agreed with me that the old story of a mirage was simply a device of the rascally Arabs in the caravan to avoid the delay of a halt.

Of course, we were perfectly familiar with the *theory* of the mirage, and talked glibly in regard to the reflection and refraction of light through different strata of atmosphere; but the case in hand, we said, did not come under that head. We could not possibly discredit what our senses confirmed, and there, before us, lay the city, the waving palms and the blue lake, over which many white-winged craft were gliding.

Our servants, who could not resist the promised purse of glittering coins, continued, though reluctantly, to accompany us; so, undeterred by their doleful predictions, we went gaily on toward the entrancing spot that seemed to hold such pleasant promises.

But an unforeseen calamity came upon us. All at once our camels lifted their long necks and sniffed the air; then, uttering a peculiar cry, they dropped to their knees, stretched themselves close to the earth, and buried their noses in the sand. At the same moment our servants cried in terrified tones, "*The simoom!*" and threw themselves beside the prostrate beasts—we, without question, imitating their example. Scarcely had we gained this insecure shelter when the storm came sweeping down upon us, hot as a blast from the lower regions, bringing with it clouds of sand and seemingly filled with muttered curses hurled defiantly at us.

The transition from the pleasing prospect of a promised Paradise to the terrible reality of a veritable Hades was so sudden as somewhat to daze my senses, and I can only indistinctly recall my sensations as I lay there prostrate beside my trembling beast, waiting for death—and for such a death! I thought of the piles of bleaching bones that had marked our route, and then of my own, which would inevitably become the factors of another heap. The idea was unendurable, and

must have half-maddened me, for, in the agony of it, I sprang to my feet. As I did so, a pair of devilish hands seemed to clutch and whirl me around with such demoniac fury as to deprive me of all sensation.

When I came to myself again, I could scarcely credit my good fortune. I was seated under a waving palm-tree, from which hung ripe dates in great abundance. The waters of a lovely lake gently lapped the shore near by, and a breeze fanned me with refreshing coolness. "After all, the city was a reality, as I knew it was," I said to myself. "My companions must have brought me here while I was unconscious. I wonder how far I was carried by the whirl, and if they escaped unhurt? But why am I here alone? Where can they be?"

I looked long and anxiously up the wide, clean street, with its rows of snowy houses, and then along the white beach, but nowhere, among the busy throng, could I see them. Then I sat down again and waited. People passed and repassed, some saluting silently and all eyeing me with curiosity. They apparently belonged to all conditions of life, their garments, of every conceivable style and texture, indicating the cosmopolitan character of the city.

After waiting what seemed to be an interminable time, I began to fear lest some evil had befallen my friends, one of whom was inclined to be too convivial on occasion; so I pinned a note to the tree saying, as a grim little joke, "Gone to dinner; will return in an hour." Then I started in quest of them.

The streets were spotlessly clean. They were bordered by graceful trees, while every now and then was a park sparkling with fountains and brilliant with sweet-scented flowers. Horseless vehicles glided noiselessly by; people stood in groups laughing and talking, yet only subdued murmurs reached me. The absence of haste and the noise coincident with a place teeming with life struck me as very pleasant, though unusual. What a contrast to Liverpool, with its bustle and confusion! It was like a dream, and yet a waking dream, if such could be.

As the hours wore on, and no signs of my companions could

be found, I sat down upon a bench that stood beneath the overhanging branches of a tree and began to consider my situation. Beyond all doubt, here I was in the mysterious city that my servant had declared did not exist—had called a "mirage;" a city so real, and yet so unreal. Could I be dreaming? No; I was never more fully conscious in my life, and, could I but relieve my mind of its anxiety in regard to my companions, would give myself a few hours' solid comfort and rest.

As I sat there, uncertain as to my next move, a gentleman approached, and, having saluted me graciously, seated himself beside me. He was a pleasant-faced person of middle age, neatly dressed, though in a fashion somewhat out of date. Encouraged by his friendly air, I said: "Sir, it is indeed surprising to find so lovely a city in the heart of this great Desert. Will you tell me its name?"

"It is called the Eternal City," he replied.

"Not Rome?" I said, in surprised interrogation.

"Nay, friend; for ancient Rome, with all its vaunted power, fell, while nothing within the walls that begirt us can ever perish."

"Nothing can ever perish?" I echoed, my voice falling into the whispered cadence of his. "How can that be possible? The sentence of death was passed upon all things at the beginning of time, and there is and can be no reprieve, no extension. Life, good sir, is an unmeaning tragedy, and eternity a calamity in which there is neither rhyme nor reason."

I spoke with more warmth than was my wont, and was somewhat abashed to catch a gleam of pity in my companion's eye, as he smiled on me very kindly without replying. To cover my confusion I said: "But that is neither here nor there. What most concerns me, at present, is to find the whereabouts of a couple of gentlemen with whom I am traveling. Perhaps you have seen them somewhere about your city—two portly, beef-eating Englishmen, jolly and ruddy, wearing cork hats and checked trousers?"

"Nay, friend," was the answer; "strangers such as thou describest are not frequent visitors here. Thou art the first

in many years; so set your mind at rest in regard to your traveling companions, for, wherever else they may be, they are not in the Eternal City."

"It should have been called 'The City of Silence,' I said; "for I never dreamed there could be a place so full of 'go,' and yet so still."

"There are sounds enough, friend," was the reply, "but thine ear is not attuned to them. Why, the atmosphere of the earth is throbbing with sounds that are never heard by its inhabitants, since they are both above and below the range of the normal human ear. But we who are adapted to life upon this plane find all things harmonize with our condition."

"To life on *this* plane?" I exclaimed. "Is life here different from life elsewhere on our planet? Or am I dead, and are we both ghosts?"

"Ghosts?" he repeated, with a smile. "How strange it seems to be called a ghost! Yet I can recall a time when I too so classed souls who had laid aside earth conditions, and had taken up life under new ones."

Then, changing his reminiscent tone, he said, assuringly: "Have no fear for thyself on that score, Edmund, for thou art no ghost, since thy body of dust still holds the vital spark called life. As for myself—well, am I not alive? And art thou not in the midst of a city peopled with sentient beings whom Time is powerless to destroy? Men of earth call it a *mirage*—an illusion of the senses; but we who enjoy its beauty, and bask in the security of its unchanging reality, laugh at the impotent folly of their so-called science, which has ever at hand a ready-made reason for the deepest mysteries of the Almighty."

I listened idly as he spoke, remembering meantime that, notwithstanding the superior advantages of the Eternal City, there were business relations that demanded my immediate presence elsewhere, and somewhat irrelevantly inquired concerning methods of egress, adding, "There are caravans frequently leaving your city, I presume?"

"Nay," he replied; "we live within ourselves, shut in securely

by walls of magnetic force—crystal clear, yet strong as adamant."

"Ah, I see," I said. "Your community is on the coöperative plan. Sorry I can't stay longer and see how that theory works in actual practise; but business demands my presence in Timbuctoo. About how far do you call it to that place?"

"Timbuctoo?" he repeated, dreamily. "Ah, yes; I recall it. It lies on the southern verge of the Desert and overlooks a chain of marshes, with their fringes of palms and mimosa. In past ages it was a flourishing city, but now it is a mean enough place. In fact it has become so wretched under the depredations of marauding tribes that it bears the ominous name of *Ur-immandes* (God hears not). As to the distance thither, I cannot say. It is not always the same from the Eternal City, since we are not stationary; our position is constantly changing, owing to the different currents of air, the revolution of the earth, and other causes. In fact we live in a floating city; we are here to-day and there to-morrow—always, however, within the earth's atmosphere, though invisible to its inhabitants except under certain infrequent conditions."

I had become weary of his vagaries, and rose to take my leave. "Well, I must be moving also, since I have already delayed too long. I am very glad to have met you, and should you ever come to Liverpool I shall be delighted to return your courtesy." (You see, so absolutely unimaginative was I that I refused to believe in the mirage city, and looked upon my new acquaintance as a harmless lunatic.) I handed him my card, as I continued: "And now, if it is not asking too much, I shall be glad to have your company to the nearest transportation office, where I can arrange for continuing my journey."

"There is no transportation office, my friend," he replied. "Thine only chance is to get outside the walls and join a passing caravan. But come; it is idle to waste words. Thou art one of those who must learn their lessons from experience."

As he spoke he moved forward, I following; and soon I found myself on the outskirts of the city. Far as the eye could reach lay endless wastes of shimmering sand, and—oh, joy!—

there, outlined against the saffron horizon, was the silhouette of a caravan!

"Thank heaven!" I cried; "now I need delay no longer."

"Not if thou canst cross the wall," said my companion, calmly.

"Wall? What wall?" I asked. "I see no barrier between me and the Desert beyond; so good-bye, and thank you very much."

My companion pressed, in silence, the hand I had extended, and followed me slowly as I went forward. I did not go far, however; for, incredible as it may appear, in spite of my utmost efforts I could not pass a certain limit. "Thus far and no farther" was the unwritten law, stronger than if Draco had transcribed it in blood. Again and again, at different points, I tried to pass the mysterious barrier that stood between me and the way I desired, but every effort was futile. At last I became exasperated, and, remembering my football tactics, I stepped well back and made a rush that I felt confident would win the goal; but, to my surprise, I was hurled violently back. My companion assisted me to arise, saying, gently: "Dost thou not see, friend, that thy utmost efforts are useless? Believe me when I say that it is absolutely impossible for thee to cross the wall encompassing this city, unless, under the law, certain conditions be given."

"I see no wall," I persisted, almost sullenly.

"It is there, however, crystal clear, and invisible to thee; a wall of magnetic force, stronger than adamant."

"By the way," I said, "it seems reasonable that, if I came in through your magnetic wall, I ought to be able to get out."

"So one would judge," he replied; "and what puzzles me is, how didst thou get in?"

"Oh, that is no mystery," I returned. "I saw your city, and, in company with the two Englishmen and a couple of servants, started to reach it. Along came a simoom, hotter than *Sheol*. Something grabbed me-up from the ground, whirled me around until my head felt like a mill-race, and, when my brain cleared, why—here I was."

"The simoom?" said my companion, thoughtfully; "ah, that accounts for it. It is filled with wicked influences—with disembodied entities, who hold a pitiless grudge against the human race and never lose a chance to vent it. They have wonderful powers for working evil, and when, in their diabolical glee, they enter a simoom, they whirl and twirl the lines of magnetic force as playfully as a——"

He paused for a simile, and I suggested—"As a cowboy swings his lariat on the Texas plains."

"As anything thou pleasest," he rejoined, smiling; "it is all one, since thou art here, and here thou must bide the time of thy return, with the world none the wiser. Thou certainly art placed in a peculiar position, being dead and yet alive, in the earth's sense."

"You speak in riddles," I said (for even then I did not understand what he meant); "but please tell me, in plain English, how long I shall be detained."

"That will be as the Law determines," he replied.

"The Law?" I cried, in tones of disgust. "What Law? Are you ruled by a tyrant whose will is *Law*? Have you no dynamite?"

"He who holds the Universe in the hollow of His hand laughs at anarchy, my boy," he said. "*He* is the Law. But calm thyself, and trust me fully; my home shall be thy home during thy stay, and I trust that each hour may be one of perfect contentment."

But I did not accept his hospitable offer until I had renewed my efforts to cross the barrier, which, of course, were futile, and, utterly exhausted, I was forced to abandon them—temporarily, at least, I said; then, having no other choice, I went back with him to the city.

His home was a dream of beauty. The house, whose walls were of a material resembling ivory, was classic in design, and stood in the midst of a spacious lawn, green and smooth as velvet, shaded by tropical trees, and brilliant with odorous flowers. Through the open windows came strains of music, the most entrancing I had ever heard, and vibrant with the

power and goodness of the Creator. I bared my head as I listened, and my soul seemed to shrink into a mere speck, as all the egotism, the littleness, and the folly of my narrow nature were revealed to my introspective gaze. I hung my head for very shame. Without a word, my companion plucked a lovely lotus-blossom from the basin of a fountain, beside which we stood, and placed it in my hand. Instinctively divining his wishes, I buried my face in its golden heart and inhaled its fragrance. When I looked up again, lo! it was not I, the sin-laden wretch who, but a moment before, had been ready to sink into the very earth for shame. All the vexations, the miseries and the knowledge of them, had slipped away; all discord had vanished, and a perfect peace "that passeth understanding" had come instead. The Liverpool firm, Timbuctoo, and all the world that held them were now but the shadows of a shade. Never before had I known the meaning of *Life*. What I hitherto had called life was but a mockery—a heavy load, under which I prayed I might never again have to "groan and sweat."

When I gave utterance to these thoughts, my companion said, sadly: "And yet, alas! thou art fated to bear the burden a little longer, since thy years are not yet ripe. But fret not thy heart about the future. Here come those whom thou must know, since they belong to my household."

As he spoke, a band of youths and maidens came trooping down the broad white steps of the mansion and across the lawn to where we stood, all greeting me graciously.

"These are my sons and daughters," said my companion, his face beaming with affection as they clustered around him. "Yes, these are my children," he continued, adding, in answer to my look of inquiry at their number, "not as thou of earth countest one's children, for often *there* the offspring of a common mother and father are as antipodal as though belonging to different races. Such conditions do not exist here. These are my children by adoption, as it were. They are brothers and sisters in the *true* sense of the words—in thoughts and tastes; congenial in all that pertains to existence; with no

'sweet bells jangled out of tune' to mar its perfect harmony. Some came to me when mere infants, and have grown to manhood and womanhood without knowing aught of the trials and temptations of earth. Ah! if the sorrowing mother, bereft of her babe, could only *know!* Here, now, is my sweet Philo." And he glanced lovingly at a tall, fair young girl who stood near watching the innocent sports of her companions. "She came to us when only a year old—as thou countest time—and knows no other life than the one passed here. She shall be thy guide and thy companion while thou art with us."

"Which shall be forever!" I cried, with enthusiasm, as the lovely girl came, obedient to his summons, and took my hand trustingly in her own.

"Which shall be as the Law decrees," murmured he, as he moved away, leaving me with my sweet young guide.

How joyously the hours flew by! I took no note of them, since there was no thought of time; nor were we harassed and hampered by physical wants, since they were easily supplied. We simply drew from the elements around us all that was requisite in the way of food and clothing.

"Consider the lilies," we sang, knowing, in its perfect fullness, all the beauty of that divine message.

* * * *

Edmund's voice had been growing soft and dreamy, and now he ceased speaking. For some moments the solemn silence of the night was broken only by the sighing of the wind and the regular breathing of our companions, who had long since fallen asleep. At length I said, suggestingly, "And Philo?"

"No more of Philo," replied Edmund, as one awakened from a weary dream. "If you have never loved, you cannot understand me; and, if you have given all that is best and noblest in your nature to a woman worthy of such a gift, then I need not tell you of the sweet hopes, each day fulfilled, that sanctify the remembrance of that sacred time—now gone, but not forever. Surely, surely, if life is eternal, we shall meet again. I could almost curse this body of dust that holds me from her, and would willingly 'my quietus make,' but dare not—for the

terrible Law, which none can evade, bars out the self-destroyer from such fair places; instead of our becoming thus united, we would be thrown farther asunder."

"Right and sensible you are, Edmund," I said, "and I respect your reticence; but I am curious to know how you crossed those awful barriers and took up your career again on earth."

"I really cannot gratify you with the details," he replied. "The first thing that I remember in regard to the matter is hearing a voice say, with rasping distinctness, 'An Englishman?'"

"Yes," was the reply. "He was brought here some weeks ago by two of his countrymen. It seems that they had left the caravan—being deceived by a mirage—and had been overtaken by a simoom, barely escaping with their lives. This young man was found at some distance from the place where they had thrown themselves down. He was alive, though unconscious; so they brought him with them to this point, since he, too, was on his way hither. His condition is quite interesting, being a trance of unusual length. Step in and look at him."

"They stood a while beside me discussing, in business-like tones, trances and similar phenomena; and then I felt one of my lids lifted and saw a pair of grey eyes twinkling with curiosity. The owner gave an exclamation of surprise and lifted my other lid, and, lo! there I was, looking back at him."

"I recovered, of course, and, as soon as I was able, explained matters to my firm, executed my commissions, and returned to England. But my peace of mind was gone. Things of this earth seem so narrow and pitiful—the struggle for gold that we can only jingle a day; the desire for fame that is but a passing breath; the selling of souls for power and place, exchanging birthrights for messes of pottage——"

Here he broke off again, and after a few moments said: "You heard her call me to-night, and—let others scoff as they will—you know that my story is *not* 'the baseless fabric of a dream,' but a living truth."

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH IN THE ECONOMIC WORLD.

THE WARFARE OF THREE WORLD-WIDE SOCIAL THEORIES.

I. THE PRESENT CONFLICT.

Recent decades have witnessed in our Republic and other civilized lands a conflict of increasing bitterness between three great economic theories, which may be briefly characterized as: (1) competition, or the warfare of all under relatively free conditions, and in which the stronger succeed and the weaker go to the wall; (2) the combination of the few for their abnormal enrichment, through the exploitation of the many; (3) coöperation of all for the mutual benefit of all, under conditions that will make labor pleasing and uninvited poverty impossible, and where every worker will receive the wealth he creates instead of a small fraction of what as a creator he is justly entitled to.

It will be seen that the first two theories are essentially the same in their dominating spirit, though radically unlike in their administration and business methods. They both refuse to recognize the law of the solidarity of life and the obligations of human brotherhood implied in that law. Ethically speaking, the second theory is the legitimate and inevitable outgrowth of the first, inheriting all the brutality which the spirit of warfare and short-sighted self-desire inspires; while the third ideal is based upon the Golden Rule and has been the key-note of the noblest philosophy promulgated by the greatest prophets, seers, and philosophers in all enlightened ages and lands.

II. COMPETITION.

The theory of competition involves the idea of warfare, and the system carries with it the waste that is ever a frightful

complement of strife. Under the competitive rule business must necessarily be a relentless struggle in which the weaker are constantly overpowered and borne down to ruin. Tragedy follows in its wake, as it marks the pathway of all movements when man wars against man.

The prototype of this system is found in the anarchic feudalism of the Middle Ages. Under the older order the baron, lord, and petty ruler surrounded himself with serfs and retainers. One class created wealth; the other aided the master in holding his power against other chiefs. In return the retainers received a living out of the wealth created by the serfs. They were not creators of wealth, but the essentially anarchistic conditions that prevailed required this class to maintain the warring lords and nobles. So under the competitive business order, or bourgeois civilization, each captain of industry had to surround himself with an army of retainers—advertisers, traveling men, and others—who were in no way engaged in productive business, but were required by a system in which one productive business warred against others of the same class and sought success through the ruin of competitors. This army of aids had to live out of the products of the wealth-creators, as the retainers of old lived from the wealth created by the serfs.

The key-note of competition, as was the case with feudalism, is strife; and like its prototype it is characterized at once by discord, waste, and destruction. As centralized government emerged from feudalism, so the age of combination is rapidly supplanting the era of competition. The inevitable trend of civilization is as clearly in favor of combinations in the business world as it was in favor of centralization in government in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Nor does the analogy cease here. When feudalism, which was essentially anarchic in spirit, gave place to centralized government, the latter, though largely based, as was its predecessor, on fundamentally unjust assumptions, marked a distinct step forward in that it made it possible to fix responsibility on the one hand, while on the other it secured to the people a degree of peace, law, and order not possible where the nation was broken up into warring camps; and this change inaugurated an era of material, intellectual, and moral advancement that paved the way for popular government, even as the great combinations of to-day have demonstrated that the largest and most complex business enterprises, though they spread over half the globe, can be successfully conducted under the direction of a few heads and so

managed as to save millions upon millions of dollars hitherto expended on aids and retainers who, though required by the competitive system, were in no true sense wealth producers or creators.

III. COMBINATION OF THE FEW FOR THE EXPLOITATION OF THE MANY.

The second great world-idea that is contending for supremacy, and that at present so largely dominates business life, is found in the combination of the few for the exploitation of the many. This system has eliminated the waste that marked the era of competitive warfare, and has carried sound and wise business principles into the management of the industrial world. But, like the system that preceded them, combinations or monopolies composed of a few for the exploitation of the multitude lack the saving salt of right and justice. They are, ethically speaking, builded on the sands of self-desire, and for this reason become a menace to free government and potential oppressors at once to the wealth producers and consumers of the land.

History teaches no more impressive lesson than that wealth uncurbed leads to injustice, oppression, political corruption, the demoralization of society in all its strata, and, finally, to the eclipse of the nation, people, or civilization that, with religion on its lips and materialism in its heart, ignores the basic law of brotherhood. The gigantic combinations, as illustrated in the trusts of to-day, are a far greater menace to free government than was the competitive system. And the demonstration they have made—that through combination such vast wealth can be saved that all men under just conditions might toil only during short hours, live in comparative ease, and have time and opportunity to grow morally and mentally and to enjoy life without the haunting fear of want and poverty clouding life—is overmatched by the fact that they have displaced the mighty army of retainers required by the competitive system, without supplying these millions with a means of livelihood through productive labor; while the vast sums saved have given additional millions to small groups of men whose wealth has long been a source of grave menace to republican institutions, not only through the controlling of the great opinion-forming agencies and the exalting of their apologists and sycophantic servants to positions of honor, emolument, and influence, and the hounding into obscurity of those who in the name of justice

and brotherhood have sought to bar their reckless progress, but also by lowering the ideals of the people from those fundamental and eternal verities that constitute the soul of progress and riveting them on the plane of material prosperity and short-sighted self-desire.

The power of the new system of combinations of the few for self enrichment and aggrandizement at the expense of the many is nowhere more ominously manifest than in the exalting to every department of government of large numbers of their hired servants and feed retainers, who by virtue of having long been trained to see through the spectacles of their employers have ceased to become impartial and judicial. The man who has for years been a special pleader for trusts and monopolies, whose every prejudice and interest is with these great bodies, is not in a position to be a safe legislator, executive, or arbiter in a case where his old employers and those to whom he owes his wealth and station are in conflict with the interests of government or of the people at large. He may be intentionally an honest man, but his education, bias, and every prejudice are such that in rare instances only is he able to rise to the impartial heights that should always mark the lawmaker, executive, and judge.

The menace of the combination of the few, or the trusts, is indeed great when Administration after Administration, and representing both the dominant political parties, chooses the best-beloved servants of monopoly to enforce laws that the people's representatives have enacted for the purpose of curbing the avarice of the few and to protect alike the creators and the consumers of wealth. Moreover, any system that so operates that millions of people are economically at the mercy of a few individuals will not only prove oppressive but will so operate that wealth will rapidly augment in the hands of a few; and though the shell of a republican government may remain (as it did in the so-called republic of Florence long after the absolute domination of the di Medici family), all that is vital in free institutions will ere long disappear. Any government that fosters a system based on injustice plants in its own heart the seeds of death; and if Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Phœnicia, Greece, and Rome teach us any lesson, it is found in the fact that no nation that disregards justice, that ignores the great fact of the solidarity of life, and that persistently refuses to recognize the law of brotherhood, faces the sunrise or has before it a glorious to-morrow. Hence, while on the plane of administration the combinations of capital known as trusts have

systematized and organized business with a scientific precision borrowed from military organizations, the soul or spirit of these corporations remains the same as that which actuated or governed the competitive system. The warfare of the strong against the less strong is a predominant characteristic of these "organized appetites," which know no moral law.

Barring the admirable results obtained on the plane of business administration, and considering the second world-wide economic idea from the vantage point most vital to society, we find it a far greater menace to free government, national welfare, and human happiness than the system of competition that it has so largely supplanted, for the reason that it is animated by the same deadly spirit; while its augmentation of wealth and power and the absence of strong organized opposition afford it unparalleled opportunities for the corrupting of government and of the opinion-forming agencies, and which render possible the overthrow of the safeguards of freedom, the defeat of justice, and the inauguration of conditions that discourage if they do not render impossible the carrying forward of that educational propaganda which favors peaceable progress and enduring civilization. The conditions that the trusts or monopolies have inaugurated have always prevailed before great nations and civilizations have passed into eclipse. Here, therefore, we find the supreme peril of the present.

IV. COÖPERATION; OR, RIGHT AND JUSTICE VERSUS MATERIALISTIC GREED.

Now, over against the competitive system, with its war, waste, and injustice, and the system of combinations of the few as found in present-day monopolies and trusts, rises the third great world-wide economic idea—coöperation of all for all. This new-old ideal, promulgated as the basic law of social life by Jesus and necessarily binding on all who would be his disciples in more than a hollow, hypocritical, and perfunctory way, arose above the social horizon in a definite manner during the first half of the last century. It made slow progress, however, until about a score of years ago. Since then it has been rapidly taking possession of millions of minds, from the master thinkers to the more thoughtful of the artisans; from poets and novelists, such as Victor Hugo, William Morris, and Edwin Markham, to the hard-headed social philosophers and economists, Marx, Lassalle, and Liebknecht; from the novelists, Emile Zola, William Dean Howells, Edward Bellamy, and

Joaquin Miller, to the three millions of voters in Germany alone and the millions of coöperators and social democrats in France, England, and America.

This new social ideal is rooted and grounded in the belief that all men are brothers. For two thousand years the Christian world has been preaching the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; but if we except the early years of the Church, when coöperation prevailed, the term "brotherhood" has carried little of the meaning intended by the great Master—whose whole life was a plea for its fullest expression, who taught that he who would be greatest should be least, who himself deigned to wash the feet of his disciples, and who summed up his law of conduct in the immortal words, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

This new ideal has raised a standard, and on that banner it has graven the words, "All for all." It insists that the parasites cease to prey and learn to toil. It insists that there is not only enough and to spare for every man, woman, and child, but that, by the aid of machinery and with coöperation, all the manual labor required for the world's work can be performed in a few hours a day, thus affording men and women time and opportunity to grow physically, mentally, and morally, and to enjoy life. This ideal is based on justice and is at once as rigidly practical and scientific as it is nobly idealistic. It calls to the toilers everywhere to unite and create wealth, and through coöperative factories, mills, stores, markets, farms, and gardens to come into the full enjoyment of the wealth they create. It holds that this is the new evangel, the gospel of economic freedom and human progress, based on justice.

Many of those who see the new light are striving to revolutionize the nation. Others are proceeding to form organizations that will achieve much of all that the Socialists desire, and do it in a peaceful manner, while educating the world and affording practical demonstrations of the feasibility and superior wisdom of their theory. Canon Kingsley and Frederick D. Maurice were pioneers along this line of progressive work. They may be said to have blazed the way for the oncoming generations; but it remained for the closing quarter of the nineteenth century to witness the crystallizing of their social experiments into practical and successful operation on a large scale, while during the last few years this work has in some instances assumed colossal proportions. Continental Europe, Great Britain, and America furnish many practical illustra-

tions, probably the most notable of which is seen in the achievements made by the Coöperative Society of Great Britain, whose membership is now considerably over 1,700,000, and which owns and operates a large number of great factories, eight large ocean steamships, one hundred tracts of land, two enormous wholesale stores, and over three thousand retail stores, while giving employment to about 100,000 people and doing an annual business of over \$250,000,000, netting to the coöperators a profit of over \$38,000,000. This association, though it falls far below the ideal cherished by coöperators, is a great step in advance of the modern trust, or "combine." It furthermore has furnished the toilers with an impressive object-lesson. They need but to unite under honest and competent leaders and organizers, who are controlled by high ethical ideals, to emancipate themselves from the thralldom of the trusts by securing the benefits of all the wealth they create, thus obtaining ample means for the development and enjoyment of life, while preparing the way for a coöperative commonwealth that shall render uninvited poverty forever impossible.

The enlightened ideal of coöperation now floating before the minds of millions of civilization's most thoughtful men and women (1) provides for the setting apart of a portion of the wealth created for the purpose of a noble, all-round education for the young, in which the great eternal verities as they relate to man in his relation to man—such as justice, honor, truth, integrity, and brotherhood—shall be broadly inculcated; while the schooling of the intellect will be accompanied by industrial training. (2) It contemplates the setting aside of a certain amount for the pensioning of the aged and the care of the sick, or, in a word, the providing of measures that shall take from each worker the haunting dread of a possible evil day when the almshouse or grudging charity offers the only alternatives from starvation. (3) The wealth created, instead of being diverted into the hands of a few will be divided among all the co-workers, who, through the enjoyment of their own, will be rendered independent.

V. REALIZING THE DREAM OF BROTHERHOOD IN AMERICA.

There is more than one coöperative association in America well past the experimental stage. The Coöperative Association of America, with headquarters at Lewiston, Maine, is probably the most promising of these movements and the one above all others that challenges the attention of our people, not merely

because of its phenomenal success in the brief space of a year's work, but because it is in many respects modeled on the highest ideal lines while being prosecuted with the practical judgment and wisdom in its administrative and business features that constitute the superiority of the modern combination over the wasteful and warring competitive system of the past. In other words, it applies to its work the economic principles of the trusts as they relate to organization, systematization, and administration, while keeping it on the high plane of brotherhood.

In this association we have a movement that promises ere long to wield a world-wide influence and that may prove no small factor in solving the momentous social problem now confronting civilization—essentially a warfare of darkness against light, of short-sighted self-desire against brotherhood and justice, of the principles that have led to the decay and death of all past civilizations against those promulgated by Jesus and that hold the promise of enduring and ever-rising progress. Personally I know of no coöperative movement that holds greater promise for the toilers or that is calculated so readily to meet the hearty approval of all American citizens who desire to see the cause of justice carried forward without the shock of revolution as is the practical program offered by this association, under the broad, wise, and essentially practical guidance of the enlightened founder of the movement, Mr. Bradford Peck; and, if the reader will pardon the digression, I will say a few words touching this remarkable man and the book he has written, entitled "The World a Department Store,"* because what I shall say bears in a real way on the movement we are considering.

Mr. Peck came under that wonderful wave of altruistic thought which touched the heart and brain of many of our finest thinkers during recent years, and which found expression in the magnificent works of Henry George and later called forth those remarkable social visions, "News From Nowhere"

* "The World a Department Store." Cloth, 300 pp. Price, \$1. For sale by the Coöperative Association of America, Lewiston, Me. This volume is a simple story, but is very lucid in its descriptions of just economic conditions under coöperation, through which all workers receive what they create, under conditions that favor the development of the best in life. It is illustrated with 15 full-page drawings of handsome buildings such as it is proposed the Association shall erect at no distant date. The author has turned this book over to the Association, and all proceeds from its sale go to further the work of the Association. All persons, therefore, who purchase the volume become practical helpers of a great movement.

by William Morris, "Looking Backward" and "Equality" by Edward Bellamy, "The Building of the City Beautiful" by Joaquin Miller, and "A Traveler from Altruria" by William Dean Howells. The phenomenon of able-bodied men, willing to work but unable to find employment, and the knowledge that in America as well as in every other Christian land the slums were annually enlarging their borders in all the great cities, aroused in him a great longing to aid in some feasible plan by which the people—the great toiling millions—could be led into the Canaan where work would be ready for all willing hands, and the wealth created would go to enrich those who made it. He knew, as does every man who thinks on the problem, that under just conditions there would be no uninvited poverty; and, brooding on this great problem, this business man who for many years has been at the head of the largest department store in New England, outside of Boston, became for the moment a dreamer. A new social vision, which came to the hard-headed, practical man of affairs, was woven by him into the simple story to which I have alluded and in which he outlines the rise and onward march of a coöperative movement based on justice for all and dominated by the spirit of fraternity instead of that of warfare of man against man. Mr. Peck's experience in the successful conduct of a very large and complex business enterprise enabled him to see that the one great feature of the modern trusts or monopolies that was altogether commendable was, as we have observed, organization, systematization, and administration along business lines. And his book shows how, step by step, with a small beginning, the coöperative movement grew, and after it had passed the experimental stage its success and beneficial influence carried it forward with the rapidity and resistlessness of the sunlight that dispels the darkness of night.

After "The World a Department Store" had been written, Mr. Peck set to work to form such an association as he had outlined. He not only contributed largely of his own fortune and consecrated his life to the great undertaking, but he gathered around him a band of fine, clean, self-sacrificing young men of excellent business ability, and all of whom were ready to devote their lives to the coöperative movement, which they were convinced would, as soon as it had reached a certain stage, sweep onward by its own momentum until it covered the land with its blessings. Our readers were made acquainted with the remarkable progress of this comparatively new association by the Rev. Hiram Vrooman's thoughtful paper in the

December issue of *THE ARENA*. It is only necessary to state that the Association already owns in its real estate, furniture, and fixtures over \$26,000 worth of property, and that it has outlined an extensive program for vigorous work for the ensuing year. Mr. Peck has also signified his intention of turning over his great department store to the Association. Large tracts of land will be cultivated coöperatively in and around Lewiston and Auburn. The Association also intends to build and operate at an early date large disbursing stores, mills, and factories. Every department is being managed by exceptionally able business men, and the movement seems destined to become a great and beneficent agency in blazing the way for the new coöperative commonwealth which, if civilization is to endure and rise, must be the crowning achievement of the twentieth century.

The well-digested system outlined, the men who have the great movement in hand, and the remarkable results already achieved place this work beyond the realm of experiment. It now remains for earnest men and women of America, who believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, to unite in aiding to make this a nation-wide movement, dominated by the Golden Rule, and which shall, by successfully meeting the trust on its own ground, so far as organization and administration are concerned, secure to labor, not a pittance, but what it creates, and at the same time afford productive employment to every man and woman who seeks honestly to earn a livelihood. Any movement that offers sound grounds for the realization of such achievements must appeal to the thoughtful consideration of all who in life are more governed by conscience or the force of moral ideas than by the low ideals of modern materialistic business policy, and also of the economists who see too plainly the demoralization attending any system that ignores the fundamentals of justice or that is indifferent to the cry of honest industry, when in the name of self-respecting manhood it demands work at a living wage.

This movement, which instead of being empirical is rigidly scientific, offers salvation from industrial bondage for all workers. It is a movement that by peaceable or non-warlike methods will forever render it impossible for the millions to be exploited for the benefit of the few, and that will reclaim to the people a heritage of liberty and justice and environ the humblest with conditions that shall favor the blossoming forth of life in the beauty of well-rounded maturity. It is a movement that will forever banish the degrading materialism of the market, which makes the acquisition of gold the chief end of life and

which sneers at the ideal and scoffs at those who insist on making justice and right rather than policy and expediency the rule of life.

The splendid opportunity to further civilization's august demands afforded by this movement should be held as a privilege and a high and holy duty by which each one may hasten the advent of the New Time, when in the impressive words of Lewis Morris—

"There shall come, from out this noise of strife and groaning,
A broader and a juster brotherhood,
A deep equality of aim, postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good;
There shall come a time when each shall to another
Be as Christ would have him, brother unto brother;
There shall come a time when brotherhood grows stronger
Than the narrow bounds which now distract the world;
When the cannons roar and trumpets blare no longer,
And the ironclad rusts and battle-flags are furled;
When the bars of creed and speech and race, which sever,
Shall be fused in one humanity forever."

* * *

OVER THREE AND A QUARTER MILLIONS OF DOLLARS PICKED UP IN THE STREETS OF BOSTON LAST YEAR.

The annual report made by the president of the Boston Elevated Railway Company emphasizes anew the enormous value of the street franchises of a great city and the importance of municipal ownership of these public utilities. The gross earnings of this company were \$10,792,993, while the operating expenses were \$7,336,597, leaving a net earning of \$3,456,395, or within less than \$44,000 of three and one-half millions as a net earning. This amount of money should have gone to the city or to improve the service.

The experience of Glasgow and other European cities amply proves that, for a sum certainly no greater than the company expends for management, men thoroughly capable, honest, and efficient can be secured to do for the city precisely what the hired management now does for the stockholders. With municipal ownership the citizens would have improved service and an enormous sum of money for reduction of taxes or for

extending and beautifying parks, libraries, schools, and in other ways benefiting the whole community, simply as a result of exercising common business judgment and utilizing its own enormously valuable street franchises.

Let us suppose that \$1,400,000 of the sum would have been used to improve the public service—for it is not to be supposed that at least one-third of the men and women who morning and evening come and go to and from business and homes would tolerate having to stand and hang to straps during their long rides, or crowd upon a cold platform. Under municipal ownership there would be a general cry for better service, in which the now silent newspapers would loudly lead the clamor; and as a result more cars would be put on the streets during the busy hours, and the interests of the public would be considered in various manners where now they are thoroughly ignored. Thus, for example, the loop around Park Square would be utilized for the benefit of the large number who do not use the subway. The platforms also would be inclosed, as they are in Denver and other cities. These and various other improvements, however, could be easily brought about within the cost of a million and a quarter. But put the cost at \$1,400,000, and we would still have \$2,000,000 annually saved as a result of the city's exercising common sense in its business management and utilizing its own.

At this rate, in ten years the taxpayers would have had the benefit of the enormous sum of \$20,000,000, which is now diverted into the pockets of a corporation the majority of the stock of which is held in other States. Now all this money is annually lost to the city of Boston, while the service falls far short of what it should be, as a result of a silent press and legislative and municipal officials who insist on viewing the question through spectacles of rich and interested corporations instead of consulting the rights and interests of the citizens in the same way that they would consult their own interests were the matter one involving personal considerations.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.*

THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT IN RELIGION. By the Rev. M. J. Savage, D.D. Cloth, 336 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This work embodies the ripest thought of one of the foremost liberal clergymen of the age concerning such problems as the Universe, Man, Bibles, Gods and God, Saviors, Worship, Prayer, the Church, Hells, Heavens, and the Resurrection Life. Dr. Savage was, I think, the first eminent divine unreservedly to accept the theory of evolutionary progress as promulgated by Spencer, Darwin, and Wallace. That was far back in the early '70s, and for more than a quarter of a century he has been one of the most masterly advocates of that theory on this side of the Atlantic.

Dr. Savage was educated for the ministry in a leading orthodox denomination, but shortly after he began his clerical labors he found it impossible to accept the trinitarian idea of Jesus, while the revelations of physical science, archaeological discoveries, and the results of higher criticism alike tended to overthrow his belief in the theological dogmas that from childhood he had been taught to believe. He therefore severed his connection with the trinitarian fellowship and entered the Unitarian ministry. He was born a skeptic and a fearless searcher after truth; and, though his convictions carried him out of the fellowship of his fathers, he was always deeply religious. On one occasion he said to me: "I cannot accept the orthodox idea of Jesus, which seems to me far more pagan than Christian, and yet I believe most profoundly that Jesus was the most perfect blossom on the human stem; and, in the sense that he was more like God the Father of us all than any other person, he may be called *the* Son of God. I believe," he continued, "that the wonder-stories of Jesus' birth, which Mark, the earliest Gospel writer, ignores, grew up as did the wonder-stories around the heroes and the great of ancient times. The Greeks were always inclined to attribute the parentage of any particularly great individual to some of the gods, and Attic thought had at the time of the early Church tinged the ideas of the world. If we all could divest our minds of the prejudice and preconceived ideas of centuries of churchianity, I think we would be amazed to see how much of Greek and Roman paganism and of the sacerdotalism of the ancient Jewish hierarchy goes to form the

* Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

web and woof of orthodox Christianity to-day, especially in regard to dogmatic theology and rites and forms."

In the present volume the great divine has undertaken to winnow the wheat from the chaff. All the subjects are viewed under the search-lights of history and science, and yet the work is marked in an eminent degree by a high, reverent, and serious spirit. Moreover, it is far more constructive than destructive. It is preëminently optimistic.

For a score of years Dr. Savage patiently and persistently investigated psychical phenomena, and from personal knowledge extending over several years, during which on frequent occasions I was present with him at such investigations, I know that he was rigidly severe in his method, manifesting at once a passionate desire for truth and the extremely critical or skeptical attitude of the apostle of modern science. His investigations convinced him not only of the reality of a future life, but that such a life was merely a step forward in an evolutionary movement wherein, though the individual had to reap whatsoever he had sown, the general trend of the soul was upward.

I think the conclusions embodied in his latest work may be briefly condensed as follows: God reigns and is the supreme incarnation of love and wisdom. Law rules throughout the universe. The development of life is along the lines of evolution. The grave is a thoroughfare, not a blind alley. Man wakes up in the higher life much as he went to sleep, though the environment beyond favors more rapid progress than the flesh-enveloped and passion-tossed earth life affords. Nevertheless, one supreme Law obtains throughout life, and that is that ultimately every one must reap whatsoever he has sown.

To one class of readers this work will prove disquieting. To others it will be a profoundly inspiring and hope-laden volume.

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL IN BOOKS. By Lilian Whiting. Cloth, 416 pp. Price, \$1. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

There is a value and a charm in all the writings of Miss Whiting, quite apart from their literary finish and beauty of expression. She appeals to the spiritual side of life, and this is, I think, the greatest need of the present. The materialism of an education that has concerned itself chiefly with intellectual achievements is evident on every side. The higher and finer artistic ethical feelings have alike been blunted. The American youths know little of the great delight that an Italian child, even a peasant, derives from the beauty seen in Nature and art; while from the standpoint of moral or spiritual development the lack of our modern educational system is painfully in evidence—so much so as to imperil the proud and unique position long maintained by our nation as the child of and the ethical leader in the family of earth's great peoples.

"Excessive devotion to the material," says Victor Hugo, "is the evil of our epoch;" and this is preëminently true of our nation. Miss Whiting's works are admirably calculated to assist in meeting our pres-

ent emergency. They are broad, tolerant, and loving in spirit. They appeal directly and with great force to the spiritual side of life, and through their beauty of thought and expression are invested with a charm rarely found in works that emphasize moral truths. Her "World Beautiful" books, three volumes of which have heretofore been published, are among the most helpful and inspiring discussions that have appeared in recent years; and her latest work is in every respect a worthy companion to the other volumes. The author's purpose in preparing the essays that compose the present work is admirably expressed in the following lines:

"The world of literature is as wide as the world of humanity, and the object of this little tour is to turn the searchlight on a limited selection of that more vital range of expression that appeals to the spiritual life—that arouses aspiration and conviction and that liberates energy—rather than to dally with admiring contemplation or critical analysis of literary beauty. There are authors whose works are a living force in every age, and from whom we may well select matter that infuses new ardor and purpose into life. . . . There is in good reading a certain transubstantiation of energy that thus enters into life, exalting and refining its quality, and which enables a man to press on to still higher and nobler achievements, and more intelligently to control the problems of destiny."

This high purpose has been kept in mind by the author, who, under the headings of "Books as Food for Life," "Opening Golden Doors," "The Rose of Morning," "The Chariot of the Soul," and "The Witness of the Dawn," introduces the reader to all the rich repository of prose and poetry of the ages, gleaned luminous truths and helpful thoughts from scores of the world's noblest thinkers.

It is very seldom that Miss Whiting praises or recommends the writings of authors whose works are not calculated to exalt the ideal or to ennoble life. Hence, I was much surprised to hear her speak approvingly on more than one occasion of Kipling's tales; for, barring one poem, the writings of Mr. Kipling seem to me to be of the earth earthy. He is a writer of more than ordinary imagination, possessing extraordinary power of expression and a mind of superior talents; but his works seem to lack in a marked degree the saving grace of high ideals and noble moral purpose. They are brilliant, but soulless. They want the human quality, and impress me as coming from one who knows little of the spiritual Alps. "The Recessional" is an anomaly in the writings of Kipling. It is as if the soul of an old prophet bard had passed by the harp on which the poet and novelist had voiced his thought, and finding the author asleep had taken up the rich instrument and given the world a new and noble lay, after which he had passed from view; for "The Recessional" is entirely unlike anything that preceded or anything that has followed its appearance. From that splendid song the poet stooped to the glorification and laudation of the most ungodly, immoral, and unholy war waged in modern times. He is one of the last writers I should mention as possessing the power to awaken worthy thoughts or high ideals. This, of course, is not saying that he is not intellectually brilliant.

THE DESTINY OF DORIS. By Julius Chambers. Cloth, profusely illustrated, 336 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Continental Pub. Co.

Julius Chambers is one of the ablest journalists of our time. His writings are ever characterized by strength and clearness, while his easy, flowing style invests his work with a charm all too rare among even our best essayists in this age of feverish haste and half-digested work.

In "The Destiny of Doris" Mr. Chambers has given us one of the most fascinating and instructive stories of travel that have appeared in recent years. A double romance, unfolded with admirable taste and a delicate touch, runs through the web and woof of the volume, which embraces vivid pen pictures of southern Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Here, in a series of graphic descriptions, which are accompanied with over two hundred half-tone pictures, the reader is brought into touch with Gibraltar, the pride of England; the Alhambra, once the glory of a vanished civilization, and other places of interest on the Spanish peninsula. Thence he travels to Italy, and views, with the aid of the author's well-stored mind and lively imagination, a thousand points of interest in that country, Egypt, and Palestine. The story closes in a pleasing manner and is replete with information that cannot fail to add much to the culture of the reader, while the historical facts and fine pen pictures are presented with a charm that fascinates the reader and leads him from page to page with ever-increasing pleasure. The two hundred illustrations are admirably executed. It is a genuine delight to turn from the swash-buckling alleged historical stories of absurd and impossible doings, and from the overdrawn caricatures of country life that surfeit the fiction market at the present time, to peruse a volume so wholesome, natural, sane, and instructive as "The Destiny of Doris."

LEAVES FROM A LIFE-BOOK OF TO-DAY. By Mrs. Jane Dearborn Mills. Cloth, 317 pp. Price, 50 cents. Germantown, Pa.: The Swedenborg Publishing Association.

One of the chief sources of unhappiness to-day is found in the attempt of many conscientious people to mortify the flesh much after the manner of the ancient ascetics, who in the first years of the Christian Church fled to the deserts and mountains to save their souls by a life of renunciation so extreme as to be unnatural. These people are unhappily proceeding from a false premise to do what they mistakenly conceive to be their highest duty.

In "Leaves from a Life-Book of To-day," the author has handled one of the most serious and important questions of the hour in a sane, wholesome, and normal manner that is beyond praise, and that is only equaled by the delicacy with which the private home relations are touched upon. It is a story that deals largely with the most sacred and holy relations of wedded life, told in pure, simple language, and dis-

playing a deep philosophic and rational insight. I do not know when I have read a work that has impressed me as being more timely or vitally true than this contribution by Mrs. Mills. It is a book that I wish might be read by every parent in the land, as it would clarify the vision of thousands of highly conscientious people, and in so doing would in no small way increase the happiness of many.

THE SHRINE OF SILENCE: A BOOK OF MEDITATIONS. By

Henry Frank. Cloth, 274 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.

This volume contains over one hundred meditations or soul prayers, in which the higher aspirations of the spirit find expression. Many of these meditations are deeply thoughtful and characterized by great beauty. Some indeed are prose poems. The following, entitled "They That Love Shall Sing *Resurgam*," is a fair example of these soul meditations:

When all the world's a-bloom; when the golden sun rises in the central heavens; when ornaments of rarest flowers bejewel the bosom of the earth; when soft, warm zephyrs call back to life the dormant powers of Nature that have lain nigh unto death through winter's tedious spell; when the moon's yellow lamp lights the paths of heaven with warm and mellow beams, and gilds the rippling waves of rivulets; when the voices of ten thousand birds are twittering in the boughs, and earth awakes from her snowy tomb, gorgeously garlanded and robed in radiance, 'tis fitting time, indeed, to sing the Anthem of the Resurrection.

And shall we sing "*Resurgam*?"

Shall we rise again?

If so, beyond the grave?

Why wait? Can we not here, each hour, each moment, say "*Resurgam*?"

The Soul, bound behind the prison bars of Ignorance and Error, shall it not now escape and rise into the Light?

The Soul, asleep beneath the cloud and flame of Passion, Lust, Selfishness, Indulgence, shall it not now awake and flee those Demons of the Darkness?

The beautiful Story of the Resurrection told in all religions is an Episode of Human Life.

As the Suffering Savior symbolized humanity, his resurrection symbolizes the rescue of each struggling soul from the gloomy depths of moral ignorance and self-destruction.

Let us trust the Laws of the Universe as implicitly as does every seed and plant and bird.

There is, indeed, but one law in all the world—that *Law is Love*.

He that loves is risen.

The Angel of Peace rolls away from his dark tomb the Stone of Error.

He lays aside the gloomy garments of Despair and clothes himself with Hope's "raiment white as snow."

His countenance, once foreboding, now "like lightning" illumines his atmosphere.

He is saved.

Love is the Resurrection Key.

It unbars the gates of every Grave of Sin.
It opens the Doors of Heaven to every ascending soul.
To love is to save and to be saved.

This book is unique and fills a niche peculiar to itself in the rapidly growing literature of liberalism.

THE ORTHODOX PREACHER AND NANCY. By Magee Pratt.

Cloth, 191 pp. Price, \$1. Hartford: The Connecticut Magazine Company.

This novel, which I imagine is far more a history than a novel, deals in a simple but interesting manner with the life of a young clergyman, in a New England manufacturing town, who strives to live the Christ life and to follow the teachings and example of Jesus. In so doing, as we would naturally expect, with a church so wedded to the world as is the case to-day, he fails. On entering the ministry he encountered a very common condition. A powerful member of the church is the ruling political boss of the town. His income is derived largely from the saloons and halls of vice that enjoy his protection. The public conscience is becoming anesthetized, and corruption is more and more being winked at by church and society. The minister starts a crusade against the corrupt boss and succeeds in temporarily arousing the sense of decency and the conscience of the community. The boss is defeated, to the amazement of every one. But, stung by his defeat, the politician vows vengeance. He begins a systematic attack on not only the minister, but on all the church-members who support the clergyman. The deacon, who owns a large store and has aided the minister, suddenly finds all the friends of the corrupt boss transferring their patronage. Men who have paper out find that in many instances, through the machinations of the boss, it is impossible to get it renewed. Consequently, it is not long before the clergyman finds that those who applauded and aided him a short time ago are now cold, when indeed they do not openly criticize him. The politic church-members advise a compromise. The corrupt politician should be placated, and the minister should be brought to an agreement not to interfere with the morals of the community. This the latter refuses to do, and he is therefore compelled to resign. The church council has no warm feeling for a minister who would do as Jesus did, because to do so is to drive from the church the gamblers, the pharisees, and the corrupt rich who patronize and support the church as the price of the latter's silence. This is the beginning of the trials and martyrdom of this modern minister who has striven to live the life of Jesus and to teach as he taught. It is a very timely contribution to the conscience literature of the time and should be widely circulated among Christians who still believe that Jesus was something more than an impractical dreamer.

**FACT AND FANCY IN SPIRITUALISM, THEOSOPHY, AND
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.** By G. G. Hubbell. Cloth, 208 pp.
Cincinnati: Robert Clark Co.

This volume contains four chapters, dealing with Madame Blavatsky, Psychical Research, The Bearing of Psychical Research on Modern Materialism, and Some Facts about Spiritualism. It is very conventional work, dealing largely with observations and opinions of others, but lacking the interest and value of a strong presentation of the facts relating to psychic phenomena from a careful thinker who has personally investigated spiritualism and psychical experiences and who bases his conclusions upon a great mass of evidence at first hand. Mr. Hubbell seems to desire to be fair and impartial, but his natural skepticism or his timid conservatism impairs the value of the work for those who have spent many years in careful and painstaking investigation. It seems to me, especially in the light of my personal experience in the investigation of psychical phenomena, that Mr. Hubbell gives far too little weight to the opinions of such profound investigators as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, and other great scientists who have spoken at length after years of extensive research.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ONE of the features that make THE ARENA unique among modern reviews is its frequent publication of symposia on leading questions of public thought. Although these may not always embody conflicting opinions, yet the views expressed are different in that they represent the writers' varying standpoints—the usual basis of opposing conclusions arrived at by honest minds.

As an illustration of this dual method of reaching a common goal, we publish this month two articles under the general caption, "Cuba *vs.* the United States." The first presents the position of President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, Governor-General Wood, and all truly enlightened Americans on the moral obligation we have assumed to aid the Cubans to become industrially self-sustaining. The writer, F. B. Thurber, as president of the United States Export Association, knows whereof he speaks, and his article embodies the substance of his recent remarks before the House Committee on Ways and Means. The second paper gives the views of one of the most intelligent men that Cuba has produced, and is an eloquent appeal to the American conscience to rise above the sordid demands of trust-fostered selfishness in our political dealings with our involuntary wards. Señor de Abad is the author of many valuable works on Cuba, and is at present acting as special Cuban commissioner to Washington to secure customs reforms on behalf of his people.

Another symposium of not less vital significance to the ethical and moral welfare of the United States is the discussion of "The Problem of Immigration," in this number. The competitive aggressions of the Chinese upon the labor market of the Pacific coast have created an economic exigency that threatens to compel the early reenactment of the Exclusion law, for which Mr. John Chetwood, a noted lawyer of San Francisco, urges some potent arguments. That this policy, however, is but a palliative measure of doubtful morality, is ably

set forth by our other contributor, the Rev. Robert C. Bryant, who shows conclusively that the cause of the congestion of our cities lies much deeper than mere population totals can suggest—in the monopoly of natural opportunities, or private ownership of the bounties of Nature.

To those who know the power of the pulpit as an opinion-forming agency, when directed along scientific and rational channels, this article on "Chinese Exclusion" and the Rev. Frank D. Bentley's on the "Survival of the Fittest in the Coming Age" will bring much encouragement, as they indicate a belated awakening of the ministerial mind to a realizing sense of its obligations to the increasing mass of the "unchurched."

Two other features of this issue that have a direct bearing on pending questions of current legislation are "Experiments in Colonial Government," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald, and Prof. Frank Parsons's "Conversation" on public ownership and control of our telephone systems. As our Government has not yet taken action on the final disposition of the Philippines, many valuable hints may be gathered by our lawmakers from Dr. Oswald's international study of colony-making. And Prof. Parsons's facts and figures are of interest in view of the recent introduction in the lower house of Congress of a bill to acquire and operate the telegraphs as a part of the Post-Office system.

An interview with Edwin Markham, on "Lights and Shadows of the Present Social Outlook," will form our "Conversation" for the April number, which will also contain a study of this famous poet from the pen of Editor Flower. It will be followed in May with a discussion of "Education and Democracy," by Rabbi Charles Fleischer.

The short-story feature, introduced some time ago, is proving very popular with ARENA readers. This month's "tale of the desert" by Laura M. Dake, the gifted author of "In the Crucible," is one of the best that we have published thus far. The story for April will be entitled "Out of His Element"—a contribution by Evelyn Harvey Roberts.

Theodore F. Seward's essay on "The Unity of Christianity and Judaism," announced for publication this month, is unavoidably crowded out. It will appear, however, in our next issue—together with "An Economic View of Fashion," by Julia Cruikshank; "The New Race Question in the South," by Samuel A. Hamilton; "Maurice Maeterlinck and the Bees," by Axel Emil Gibson; "The Future of the Woman's Club," by Winnifred Harper Cooley, and an excellent paper on "The New Woman," by the Hon. Boyd Winchester.

J. E. M.